

THE SELF-PORTRAIT OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS¹

IT is a curious fact that the complete life of St. John of the Cross has never been adequately written, not even, it would seem, in his own country. What is more, though he has been declared a Doctor of the Church because of his mystical writings, yet it is only of recent years that a complete critical edition of his works has appeared. This, at first sight, will seem all the more remarkable since both the life and the writings of his companion, St. Theresa, are so well known; of her we have many excellent lives in many languages, while her works have been edited again and again.

But perhaps the reason is not far to seek. Though the life of St. Theresa is one beset with many contradictions, still even her life must yield in this respect to that of St. John of the Cross. What makes the biographer's task more difficult is, these contradictions arose for the most part from good and zealous men; consequently, in order to vindicate the saint, they are compelled to paint in darker colours those whom otherwise they would prefer to honour. And as for his writings, in spite of the sublime heights to which in the end they reach, still there remains the apparent severity of the hard ascetic running through them all, calling for a merciless surrender which makes the ordinary aspirant to a higher life despair. We acknowledge the ideal to which he points, but we suspect it to be an ideal and nothing more; and a reader of St. John is tempted to pass by the Ascent of Mount Carmel, and the Dark Night of the Soul, for the happier pages of the *Spiritual Canticle* and the *Living Flame*.

Taken out of their context, that is, studied apart from the life and personality of their author, and apart from the circumstances in which they were written, it must be confessed that the detachment taught by St. John seems, at times, rigid and severe; while reading what he writes we almost cry out: "Who, then, shall be saved?" But there is another aspect of them which makes a great difference, in our understanding both of the author's point of view, and of the doctrine that he taught. It is, that to a great extent the works of St. John

¹ For much that is contained in this essay the author is indebted to "*L'Ame ardente de St. Jean de la Croix*," by Abbé Rodolphe Hoornaert.

were autobiographical; they were the written record of his own life, of all the hard things he had to endure, and of the lessons he had to learn from them. As he went along, so heavily did blow after blow fall upon him, that he could only keep his balance by singing to himself of the good that came out of his troubles; later, when in turn he had to teach others, he could only do it by commenting on the poem he had written in his own successive hours of trial. To interpret his works aright one needs to keep in mind all the time the author himself and his experiences; then it will be seen that what he writes is not so much an exhortation to spiritual surrender, as a continual cry telling what God has taught him by means of suffering which is not easily paralleled. To illustrate this point is the object of this essay.

Juan de Yepes was the son of a poor silk weaver of Fontiberos, Toledo, and was born in 1542. His father was of noble birth; he had married much beneath him, and for that offence had been entirely cut off by his family. He had taken to silk weaving as a means of livelihood, but had never been able to make much of it. Soon after the birth of Juan he died, worn out with the effort to keep his wife and three children. The family were left in direst poverty; the children grew up always underfed, so that to the end of his life Juan remained dwarfed in stature. St. Theresa, in one of her flashes of humour, speaks of him in one place as "half a man."

Juan first went to a poor school in Medina, where the family then lived. Then he tried to learn a trade, but apparently could make nothing of it. At fourteen years of age, since he had to earn his living, he found a post as an assistant in a hospital in Medina; at the same time he contrived to attend the classes of a school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Here at once the genius of the boy appeared. He was a born artist, and every form of art appealed to him. Music was his delight; not only the music of song and instrument, but also the "silent music," as he later called it, of the woods, and the waters, and the stars. He had a relish for sculpture; he could paint and design; but most of all he revelled in poetry, and found in it the medium for the expression of his soul. Of all things else Juan de Yepes was a poet born; with a poet's vision, a poet's ambition, a poet's restlessness and dissatisfaction, a poet's special field of delight, last of all a poet's need to find expression in rhythm and verse. We have heard much of late of the relation between poetry and

mysticism; in Juan de Yepes we find the two combined, the one expressed in terms of the other, as we may perhaps find in no other mystic, not excepting Ramon Lull.

In course of time Juan found his place among the Carmelites of Medina; he was sent by them to pursue his higher studies at the University of Salamanca. It was the hey-day of that University; particularly it was the day when young Castilian poets were breaking new ground, and delighted in every manner of finesse. Juan was soon in the group; his later poetry proves it, with its mystery, its enigmatic imagery, which nevertheless he is always able to unravel; it is not unlikely that some of his well-known poems, for instance, the *Canticle of Christ to the Soul*, belong to those days at Salamanca. This *Canticle* is just a love-lyric of the period, turned to the saint's own purpose. It begins:

"A little shepherd alone, in pain,
His soul no joy can move,
His thought is all for his shepherdess,
His heart is lost in love.

But he weeps not because of love's deep wound,
Laments not at his lot
Though the wound has cloven his heart in two—
He weeps that he is forgot."

So the poet wrote his lyric, but he was not satisfied. The more he progressed, in whatever direction it might be, the more he saw ahead and hungered for it; this is the characteristic of St. John. He had become a Carmelite, it was not enough. He must give, like a poet, to the last; he must give his all. He had become a student, it was not enough. He must seek wisdom at its source, in solitude; he must become a Carthusian.

Such was Juan's state of mind, straining for the infinite, at the close of his time in Salamanca. At that moment it was that a woman came across his path; her name was Theresa. She was his elder by nearly thirty years; she too had long since learnt the lesson of solitude, and silence, and flight from the world, to gain the delights of the Interior Castle. She heard of Juan and his dreams; she met him and was satisfied. Juan, too, saw in her desires like his own. Let the world, even the world of the cloister, say what it would, he would take service with her. They would live alone, with God alone; they would think of God alone, would perceive Him

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alone, would love Him alone; they would die a slow death, to the world outside, to themselves, to life itself that they might lose themselves in Him only.

No sooner is the goal clear before him, than he must pursue it at all costs. This delicate little man must choose a way of life that made even St. Theresa shiver; this sensitive man must live in a way that made his brethren laugh; even the peasants, accustomed to hardships, could only turn up their noses at the queer thing that lived as he lived, and was content with the crusts they flung to him. The artist, the poet, the lover of all things beautiful, the nobleman within him that never died, shivered at it all as well as they, but laughed at it no less; and he went on his way victorious, for the first step had been made.

Then there came the Pharisees. Since ridicule would not deter him, prudence must intervene. Their fellow-religious had lost his head; he was a disgrace to the Institute; he was claiming to be more Catholic than the Pope himself, since he would not accept his ruling. God did not ask for exaggerations, much less would He have them flaunted as ideals; when followers began to gather round Juan, then the authorities were up in arms. He was nothing less than a conspirator, he must be suppressed and taught his place at all costs; if necessary his life must be shortened, for it was expedient that one man should die for the people that the whole nation might not perish.

So the persecution grew, and Juan, whose heart was made for love, who could sing of love as none of them all could sing of it, had to battle through it all. He was thirty-five years of age. Youth was past; manhood was ripening; an elderly woman of more than sixty was pointing out for him the way; so in surrender, amid laughter and mistrust, the search for the Holy Grail had begun.

But it was not to continue without a struggle of another kind; since scorn had not suppressed him, resource must be had to arms. On a night in early December, 1577, Juan was seized in St. Theresa's convent and taken home and put in prison. There he was scourged for his insubordination, given foul food and nothing to drink, and then for security spirited away to Toledo. Here for nine months he was kept, in what was little better than a hole in a wall, narrow, dark, without ventilation; fed on crusts and remnants of fish, and every Friday brought out to do penance, ending with a discipline on his naked shoulders, before the community in their

refectory. Juan kept the marks of those scourgings on his body to the last day of his life.

Nor did his sufferings stop there. He was bullied by superiors, he was deprived of the sacraments; false reports were told outside his door, but carefully loud enough for him to hear, that Theresa's reform had been condemned, that the Pope himself had declared against it, that those who refused to accept the decision would be severely punished. Juan heard it all, and had no reason to believe that what he heard was not true; nevertheless within him his heart cried out that the dream he had before him came from God, that one day, if he persevered, it would be fulfilled. He fell back on his lonely prayer, and saw how all this persecution did but make it the more real; he expressed the fruit of his prayer in verse, and the result was the *Canticle* which has made his name immortal, and the poem of the *Obscure Night*, which places him at once in the front rank, both of poets and of mystics. He had lived it all, and while he had lived it he had written, not only the story of his suffering, but the meaning of that suffering in the light of the new vision that he had once dreamed and now had learnt. He had been deprived of all and the deprivation had given him everything. He had tasted all bitterness, and it had turned into sweetness. What had been difficult had become easy; what had been repugnant was now a joy; affliction was his consolation, effort his rest, the meanest and lowest things brought him new vistas of glory and of beauty. When later he taught the same to others, he taught them as one who knew; not as a hardened ascetic, but as a lover of life who had discovered a new world.

This was the meaning of his *Obscure Night*, and of his encouragement to men to brave it. But it was not all. As he had gone deeper down into the darkness, and had seen the fruit, so he would lead others; into the night not only of all things sensible, but also of the spirit and of the soul. Again as we read him we know that he is writing from his own experience; the blackness of despair when blind faith alone can be the guide, the lack of every memory that can sustain the soul in its distress, the insipidity of every argument to steady the understanding, the bitterness, the very disgust of all things spiritual, luring the will to surrender. He has gone through it all, and speaks of it in language that makes the sufferings of other men dwindle into insignificance; but alongside he has known no less how all this darkness leads to the glory of the sunlight. Or rather it is itself the sun-

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light, by the side of which the light of this world grows pale. It is not as a penance, it is as a glorious discovery, as a truth which only a poet and a seer can adequately tell, and which even he can only tell from personal experience, that Juan bids us learn 'all there is to learn, possess all there is to possess, know all there is to know, but to do so by a very whirlwind of annihilation of all we have and are. Give up all and gain all, the All-Beauty, the All-Light, the All-Essence, the All-Love. When we read Juan's account of those nine dark months, written by the light that filtered through a chink in the door, we understand, though it be as from a distance, that suffering, even the worst, has to a saint an aspect far different from that which the world can see.

But now opens out another phase in the making of this soul of gladness. After nine months of captivity there came an opportunity for him to escape. Should he make use of it, or should he not? To remain in the dark might teach him yet more of the glory that lay beyond it, but to go forth when occasion offered might enable him to teach his wonderful discovery to others. There was still time; worn to a skeleton as he was there was still life and fire within him. One night, after due preparation, with the connivance, perhaps, of more than one pitying gaoler, he slipped through the corridors, let himself down from a window by a rope made of his bed-linen, and found his way to the home of a canon in the neighbourhood, who gave him welcome and protection. Two years more, and victory for Theresa's reform was assured. The King was on her side, the Pope declared for her, in 1580 the Brief was written which made the Discalced of St. Theresa an independent province of their own. The leader now might die; within two years she went to her reward.

But all was not over for Juan; on the contrary it did but open out a field for fresh endurance, a further struggle from which, this time, there was no escape. He had gone through two hard contests, first with those without, then with those of his Order; there remained a last surrender, that he should be rejected by those of his own household, the very followers of Theresa themselves. Theresa had gone; Juan had treasured her letters to him as only a poet can; in a moment of surrender he destroyed them, as a last sacrifice of love. If there was more yet to be given, by his own act he would show that he was prepared to give it. And his offering was accepted. Juan was at this time Prior at Grenada. But now that Theresa was gone, there arose a division in the ranks

and she was not there to keep them together. Jealousy made its appearance, that weapon of weak souls; the strong men and women whom Theresa had held for her dearest were made the object of attack. And with jealousy came misunderstanding, or rather the determination to misunderstand; even before Theresa had died she had been compelled to stand by Juan on this account. Now she was not there to defend him. "Fervent" souls had their own ideas of the good that should be done among men; armed with prayer they must go out to others, they must preach, they must teach, they must devote themselves to the sick.

But such was not the mind of Juan, nor the mind of those who had best understood their foundress. God alone, to be sought by love alone, and by love in solitude with Him; this was the meaning of her reform, and by this means she had hoped, in her degree, to do her work for mankind. Two spirits were now at work, threatening to destroy the good that had been done; and, for a time, the spirit of expansion prevailed. There was opposition, there was intrigue; by slow degrees those who held for the more interior life were removed, and Juan, the most stalwart and resolute among them, found the storm concentrated on himself. Human prudence, human ideas of utility, again rose up against him, this time allied with all that he held most dear, the brethren and sisters who, with him, claimed Theresa for their mother. For five years he fought on, almost single-handed. To preserve the teaching of the foundress intact he sacrificed his own beloved solitude. He wandered from convent to convent; he preached, he wrote, he drew up instructions, in every way he could he proved the reality of the dream of Theresa and himself. The songs of the night which he had written in Toledo were now brought out again and further explained; thus were the final works of St. John given to the world, the deepest human revelation of the mystical life.

Nevertheless he failed; and, if one who looks on from outside may say it, even till to-day the Order of Carmel has had to bear the consequence of his failure. A new régime was instituted, contrary to that which Theresa had wished; it received the sanction of the Pope, Sixtus V., and at once the storm burst. Juan at the time was Prior at Segovia, having been removed there from Granada; now began the Night of Segovia, the counterpart and the completion, in suffering and results, of the Night of Toledo. At Toledo he had learnt the complete surrender of all that nature could claim, at Segovia

he learnt the surrender of his very soul; and as at Toledo he had risen to discover the glory of giving all that nature contained, so at Segovia he rose to a greater vision, the glory of utter self-annihilation in God. We can follow him from afar; we can see at a distance the beauty of the poet-saint's ideal, reached by himself though we cannot attain to it; but let us not say that, because it is beyond us, therefore his teaching is hard, and who shall hear it? "The soul that is enamoured is a tender soul, a gentle soul, a soul that is humble and patient." So wrote St. John in one of his aphorisms, and with all his stern ideals he was that from the beginning to the end.

Thus we may guess beforehand that the last ordeal would be the worst of all. This soul of purest love must be tried in a strange fire. Rome had intervened and brought peace to the distracted Order, but the Provincial who had been overruled could not and would not forgive the man who, he thought, had outwitted him. Rumours began to spread concerning Juan; whence they arose it was difficult to tell. It was said that he was a man of evil life; the report was confirmed by third-hand particulars; soon the charges were so vile, and so persistent, that Juan was asked to declare what he had to say in his defence. A canonical examination was held; some nuns were called in to bear witness; before his face they were asked questions so shameful that they refused to answer, and their silence was brought as evidence against him. For the sake of peace, so said the Provincial, he was asked to lay aside his office and go into retirement. He did as he was requested; he retired into the desert of Peñuela. But this only seemed to make matters worse. His retreat was taken as a confession; his enemies had now free scope and could say what they would; letters came to him from old friends and followers, crying shame upon him for his foulness of life and his hypocrisy.

From this time forward Juan never looked up again. For him there was no Resurrection and Forty Days. A very few still believed in him; the majority of his own brethren looked on him as something to be shunned, with whom, when one met him, it was needful to be prudent. It was even suggested that for the sake of the reputation of the Order he should leave the country. Meanwhile, alone in the desert, his health gave way beneath the burning summer sun. Fever came on; after he had endured it for more than a week he crawled back to one of the Carmelite monasteries to plead for shelter. He was given

a choice between two, Baëza and Ubeda. Baëza was one of his own foundations, and his memory was still venerated in the place; at Ubeda he was known to no one except the Prior, and he had long been a pronounced enemy. The rest of the community only knew him as the man with a bad name. Juan chose Ubeda.

Here, as was to be expected, he was ill received. He had foisted himself upon the monastery; let him look to it. He was given a cell in a remote corner of the building and there deserted; not a question was asked concerning his illness or his needs. A few of the lay-brothers took pity on him; the Prior, indignant, forbade anyone to go near him again. From time to time he visited him himself, but it was only to taunt him with old grievances, and to assure him that now he could have his revenge.

Meanwhile the malady increased. A doctor was sent for to bleed him; he was such a blunderer that once he cut the poor man to the bone. At length, it was December 13, 1591, he said to the infirmarian, who looked in upon him: "At midnight to-night we shall be saying Matins in heaven." At once there was a transformation. The religious gathered round his bed; the Prior went down on his knees and asked his pardon. As the clock struck twelve, Juan raised his eyes, cried: "Glory be to God," and passed away. He had not completed his fiftieth year. With all this in mind let us read the writings of St. John of the Cross and we shall be struck, first, with the amount of self-disclosure they contain, second, with the beauty of the lesson which can be learnt only by suffering, above all by the suffering which comes of ignominy and shame. To-day the body of St. Theresa is preserved incorrupt, for everyone to see and honour; the body of St. John, no one knows where it lies, his very burial-place has been forgotten. Perhaps we know why; perhaps, too, we understand why to this day his life is "hidden with Christ," seeing how deeply he bore the wounds of Christ upon his body.

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THE TRIDENTINE DECREE ON TRADITION

THE Church's doctrine of Tradition is very commonly not understood by non-Catholics. Misunderstanding is the misfortune of those who misunderstand; but misunderstanding which finds expression in public criticism cannot be so easily dismissed. Dr. Cadoux in his recent book *Catholicism and Christianity* joins criticism with misunderstanding—and criticism which, in one at least of its forms, oversteps the limits of anything which is permissible. Moreover, in dealing with the authentic declaration of the doctrine in the decree of the Council of Trent, he gives no evidence of acquaintance with the sources to which a scholar would naturally turn in an endeavour to assure himself that, before criticizing, he understood.

In chapter xiii., "Catholicism and the Scriptures," he develops two lines of argument. "The Romanist attitude to Scripture is open to criticism on two main counts. Firstly, since there is no logical place for a self-authenticating Bible beside an infallible Church, the Church is inconsistent in trying on the one hand to honour Scripture by defending its infallibility, and referring the faithful to its teaching, and on the other hand in declaring its authority to be subordinate to her own and its guidance to be inadequate and even misleading without her interpretation . . ." This charge of inconsistency is considered pp. 256—278.¹ On p. 278 we read, "The second way in which Romanism does violence to the real character of Scripture is inevitably involved in the first. In order to ensure that Scripture shall be interpreted only in conformity with Roman views, the Church has been compelled to resist the application to Scripture of the normal

¹ We feel doubtful as to what we are to understand by a "self-authenticating" Bible: but the argument seems to be the old one, viz., if you have an infallible Church, you cannot have an infallible Bible. A word on this. In what sense does Catholic theology defend the "infallibility" of the Scriptures? (A stricter terminology would speak of the infallibility of the Church and the inerrancy of the Scriptures). Whatever is stated in the Scriptures is necessarily true, because it is the statement of God; but the question remains—who is to settle what is stated in the Scriptures? To this question the Church replies that she alone and infallibly settles it. The question of fact is determined by the Church; but the question of law, i.e., the truth of the statement, depends on the fact that it is the statement of God. There is no inconsistency in such a position.

canons of historical truthfulness. This is seen in three ways
1. Rome's treatment of the text of Scripture. 2. Rome's repudiation of Higher Criticism. 3. Rome's appeal to Tradition as of equal weight with written records."

In the course of his discussion of the third item above, Dr. Cadoux has occasion to deal with the decree of Trent on Tradition. He seems to think that Trent's definition covers only unwritten tradition, *i.e.*, tradition not preserved in *any* literary form: the fact is that the definition covers Tradition not written in Scripture—the question whether it is or is not written elsewhere is irrelevant. Again, he says that the definition covers both apostolic and ecclesiastical tradition: the fact is that the decree covers only apostolic tradition. Let us take these two points in order.

The first point may be considered under the form of the question—What does Trent mean by the words "*et sine scripto traditionibus*" which Dr. Cadoux translates (p. 292) by "unwritten traditions"? The meaning of these words is so clear that we find it very difficult to be sure that he has failed to grasp it; but after reading and re-reading his pages, we cannot but think that he has. Let us put our reasons before the reader.

We shall not, we presume, be doing him an injustice if we take it for granted that in his remarks on the subject of tradition as a doctrine of the Catholic Church, he presupposes that that doctrine is in harmony with the decree of Trent. The idea therefore of tradition which underlies those remarks may be accepted as evidence of the sense which he gives to the Tridentine definition. And what is that idea? Always the same, *viz.*, unwritten sources of knowledge.

For example, he begins his criticism with the words "Support for this view of tradition is sought in those passages of the New Testament in which mention is made of the Word of God or the common beliefs or customs of the Church, unaccompanied by any allusion to their being couched in written form" (p. 293). Tradition, therefore, according to his interpretation of the Catholic doctrine, simply means unwritten authority. Again, he writes: "It is, of course, the case that oral tradition played a considerable part in moulding the life and thought of the early church" (p. 295); and later: "It is, further, not in itself inconceivable that some teachings and practices of the earliest Christians should have survived to modern times, without happening to have been

committed to writing" (p. 295). Dr. Cadoux is here making what concessions he thinks permissible to the Catholic position as he understands it; and the concessions involve the idea that tradition is unwritten tradition. He then proceeds to limit these concessions. "When we consider the bulk of the extant Christian literature produced in the second, and still more in the third, fourth and following centuries, we realize that there is an immense balance of improbability (*sic*) against any important usage or belief having been adhered to in the early stages of Christian history, without having left any mark on the literature of the times. . . . It is therefore a valid and sufficient answer to the Roman doctrine of Tradition to urge that our written records of early times are often silent (in some cases for many centuries) in regard to the things which tradition is supposed to guarantee . . ." (p. 296).

The Roman doctrine in this argument is simply a doctrine of unwritten tradition. Finally, while proving that Rome's doctrine was not known in the early centuries, he tells us that the tradition,¹ to which appeal was in those days made, was tradition "'unwritten' only in the sense of not being in Scripture." Rome's doctrine, therefore, is in the eyes of Dr. Cadoux a doctrine of tradition unwritten, not in this sense, but in the sense of not being written anywhere.

If any doubt could remain after an examination of these statements, a reference to the manner in which he deals with the text of the decree of Trent would seem to remove it. He translates the words of the decree ". . . in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus" by "in the written Books (of Scripture) and in unwritten traditions . . ." (p. 292). His translation is wrong; it implies in the original "et non-scriptis traditionibus." But the text runs: "et sine scripto traditionibus" . . . a very different thing. His mistake is perhaps excusable—but it is a mistake. Trent did not use words at random, and "sine scripto" is not the same as "non-scriptis." If Dr. Cadoux is not satisfied with this, let him go to the

¹ It is essential to distinguish tradition as meaning the doctrine handed down, from tradition as meaning the method of transmission of the doctrine. Dr. Cadoux maintains that this early tradition was valued as an aid to the interpretation of Scripture; other traditions were not regarded as fully authoritative. With this assertion we are not now concerned, and we must content ourselves with saying that it is not true. Our present point is the method of transmission.

² Our suspicions were at the outset aroused by the phrase already quoted, viz., "Rome's appeal to Tradition as of equal weight with written records" (p. 278). This supposes a dichotomy—Tradition and written records; and Tradition must mean non-written records. However, we do not press this point as it is not a direct statement as to the meaning of the Tridentine decree.

sources—the Acts of the Council, the Diaries of those present, contemporary letters and other evidences.¹

The purpose of the decree gives a sure criterion of its meaning. That purpose was to combat the Lutheran view that only in Scripture was the knowledge of revelation to be had.² Against that view, Trent declared that such knowledge was also to be had outside Scripture, viz., in Tradition. Tradition, therefore, means in the decree a source of knowledge of revelation other than Scripture; it does not mean non-written records. A clear statement of this purpose was made by the Bishop of Fano in the congregation of March 27, 1546.³ Again, in a letter⁴ of the legates to Farnese (February 11/12, 1546) the same appears: they speak of the decree as a great bulwark against the heretics, who argue that such and such is not in Scripture, therefore it is not true. It is the same purpose—the denial of Scripture as the sole depository of revelation.⁵

It will, perhaps, be objected that Trent uses the phrase "et sine scripto traditionibus." Does not "sine scripto" mean "unwritten"? We may lay it down as a sound general rule that, in all this discussion, the word "scritto" or "scriptus" must be taken to connote the Sacred Scriptures, unless the context or some explicit statement make another meaning certain.⁶ An excellent example is provided in the letter⁷ of the legates of March 9/10, 1546. There we read "... et le traditioni non scritte erano di sorte impugnate, che a nessuna cosa s'attendea più che ad anihilarle con dare ad intendere, che tutto quello che era necessario alla salute era scritto . . ." i.e., tradition is attacked in such a manner that it is clear that the intention of the heretics is to destroy it altogether, with the implication that whatever is necessary for salvation is written. The legates here refer to the doctrine of the heretics on the sufficiency of Scripture; yet they use the word "scritto," i.e., "written," not adding "in Scripture." And

¹ Concilium Tridentinum: Diariorum, Actorum, Epistolarum, Tractatum nova collectio; edidit Societas Coerresiana—cited by volume, editor, and page; e.g., I. Merkle, 367.

² Cf. X. Buschbell, 373. Dr. Cadoux acknowledges the point (p. 294).

³ I. Merkle, 39; cf. also V. Ehse, 40.

⁴ X. Buschbell, 377, 378.

⁵ The introductory words of the decree explicitly state the "practical" purpose of the definition, "hoc sibi . . . proponens ut sublati erroribus": the definition is directed against a definite view of the Reformers.

⁶ The decree supports our contention; as Dr. Cadoux has seen (p. 292), Holy Scripture is certainly designated by the phrase "scriptis libris"; yet, in itself, "scriptis libris" is a general term.

⁷ X. Buschbell, 413.

in a similar manner, when they write of "traditioni non scritte" they mean tradition not written in Scripture; yet they simply say "non scritte," not adding "in Scripture." When, therefore, Trent uses the phrase "et sine scripto traditionibus" it means to speak of a source of knowledge of revelation which is not Scripture, and is called Tradition. The authority of this source of knowledge is in no way dependent on whether it is written or not; it is accepted by Trent because in its origin it is equally divine with the canonical Scriptures. The decree directly controverts the position of the heretics, and does not touch the question whether Tradition is or is not written. It denies that all revelation is contained in the Scriptures; and its definition does not refer only and simply to tradition written nowhere.¹

We may now turn to the second point—did Trent speak of any tradition other than apostolic tradition? Let us first listen to Dr. Cadoux. He writes: "Such then is the doctrine; how does it deserve to be dealt with? Stay of execution might conceivably be asked for on the ground that the Tridentine Council meant to distinguish between apostolical Tradition and ecclesiastical Tradition, and to declare only that the former was entitled to rank as equal with Scripture . . ." (p. 294). This plea he explicitly rejects. "The distinction between apostolical Tradition and ecclesiastical Tradition is never adverted to in the Tridentine decrees or the 'Roman Catechism'; it is thoroughly foreign to the normal Catholic mode of thought, and is—I venture to think—entirely illusory" (*ibid*). Trent, therefore, according to him, speaks of both apostolical and ecclesiastical tradition. But again he is wrong.

In the first place, the very words of the decree indicate not obscurely that the tradition in question is apostolic; to quote the translation given at p. 292, ". . . traditions, which have come down to us, having been received by the Apostles from the mouth of Christ Himself, or passed on (*traditae*), as if by hand, by the Apostles themselves—the Holy Ghost dictating (to them) . . ." Such terms are applicable in the strictest

¹ The Fathers of Trent were, of course, aware that Tradition, not written in Scripture, might and might not be written elsewhere, *e.g.*, Seripandus pointed out that it came down to us by writing and by custom etc., "pervenerunt per scripturam, per observationem" etc. (V. Ehses, 35). Cervini spoke in a similar manner "Nam traditionum aliquae scriptae, aliquae non scriptae reperiuntur . . ." (I. Merkle, 492). And in fact the most important expression of Tradition is to be found in the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

sense to apostolic tradition, and on the other hand could scarcely be used of ecclesiastical tradition.

Secondly, the acts of the council put it beyond doubt that the definition refers only to apostolic tradition. In the debate in the congregation of February 26, 1546,¹ it was maintained by one of the Fathers that all ecclesiastical tradition, in the widest sense, should be accepted, lest if the decree accepted only apostolic tradition, it might seem to follow that the council rejected all other tradition. Such a remark is only intelligible on the supposition that only apostolic tradition was to be included in the decree. The suggestion was not accepted by the Fathers, on the ground that tradition, other than apostolic tradition, should be treated at another time. Again, in a list of questions circulated among the Fathers, they are asked whether the decree should simply state that there are traditions in the Church or should also add that they are to be received by all; and tradition in question is definitely stated to be apostolic.² Another example; in Massarelli's diary, under date February 23, 1546,³ there is an account of a meeting under Cervini in which there is constant mention of tradition as apostolic.

On February 21, 1546, the legates wrote to Farnese for information as to the wishes of the Pope on the business to be put before the council when the decree on Scripture and tradition had been passed. They suggest two possibilities; the first is that, after the passing of this decree, the council should go on to the consideration of ecclesiastical tradition and the canons of councils.⁴ At first the Pope favoured this scheme; but later he gave his consent to the second, viz., the immediate discussion of dogma. In Farnese's letter⁵ conveying this decision to the notice of the legates, we read: "Il parere di VV. SS. R. che satisfatto alla recettione del simbolo, delle scritture sacre et delle traditioni apostoliche et purgati li loro abusi, sia bene passare innanzi al trattato de dogmi, senza entrare nella disputa de concilii passati et delle altri traditioni ecclesiastice, presupponendole per autentiche et usandole per tali, è stato approvato da S.S. . . ." i.e., the Pope confirms the opinion of the legates, that after passing the decree on Scripture and Apostolic Tradition, the council should immediately proceed to the treatment of dogma, without entering into discussion on Councils and other ecclesias-

¹ V. Eshes, 18.

² V. Eshes, 41.

³ I. Merkle, 490.

⁴ X. Buschbell, 394.

⁵ X. Buschbell, 474.

tical traditions. It is clear that Farnese, the legates and the Pope understood the decree to include only apostolic tradition. Is a contrary opinion worth considering in the face of such testimony?¹

So much for Dr. Cadoux and the Tridentine decree on Tradition. A cheap victory is nothing to our liking, and in fairness to him we may say that the doctrine of Tradition is, in itself, one which cannot be fully stated without many distinctions and limitations. We are here dealing, not with what we may call a static function of Catholic belief, but with a dynamic expression of the Church's life. Tradition, ultimately, is something living—the tones of a living voice. Again, we would not deny that in the works of not a few Catholic writers phrases may be found which are open to misunderstanding; a careless reader is very likely to take such a phrase as "*traditiones orales*" to mean "oral traditions" (in the usual acceptance of the terms in English), whereas it is intended to convey the meaning of tradition which is not a mere re-statement or a clearer statement of what is already stated in Scripture. We hesitate to think these considerations provide any shelter behind which Dr. Cadoux will be willing to retire; but they may help to mitigate the severity of his readers' judgment. We wish we could leave the matter there; but justice to ourselves and the Catholic name compels us to say that nothing can justify the following: "The Tridentine doctrine is simply an extraordinarily clever device for vindicating Roman ordinances against the charge of novelty. . . . It is, however, a palpable device. . . ." (p. 297). He may reject the doctrine if he thinks fit; but he must not call it a device.

R. HULL.

¹ *Ex abundantia*, we may refer to the following also; X. Buschbell, 395, 398, 417, 443—all contemporary letters, and all excluding Dr. Cadoux's opinion.

EAST WINDS¹

"WELL," said he, "we'd better be moving. I've horrible wind-up. Just one more?"

I refused; but he poured himself out some more gin into the egg-cup, because the last little glass but one had got broken and I had had the one; he pinkened it, added some water, and drank it off.

"Now for it," said he.

We went down, and he stood admiring the car.

"Born 1921," said he, "and I bought her for fourteen pounds. And I sold my motor-bike for fifteen, so I'm one up."

I insinuated myself into the car, and we drove off for the Catholic Club at Pinkerton, not too erratically. In fact, I can't deny that we got along very well till we got out of the Mercantile Broadway into Prince Percy Dock Road. There we punctured. He drove into a side street to change the wheel. Immediately a crowd of children surrounded the car, as, though it was eight o'clock, the evening was warm. A house was being pulled down and a sort of platform edged the street, so I got out and sat down on this. Immediately several small girls swarmed round me, to look at the car being mended; small boys, more aloof at first, came too, and finally pushed their way into the front.

"Don't you go shoving of me, Patrick Joseph," said a very small girl, who had taken a firm hold on my coat-sleeve.

"Hullo," said I, "are you all young Catholics?"

A chorus of voices affirmed that they were, that they weren't, that 'e wasn't no religion, that "my father and mother is, but I ain't nothing."

"That's why you got knocked down by a taxi—oo!—" re-

¹ I sincerely hope that no one will identify the club of which I speak here, with the club at Poplar in which I take a special interest. I am sure that every sentence written here has been said, or quoted, to me, textually as a rule. But in deference to a wise opinion, I insist that this club is not Poplar nor indeed anywhere in particular. A kind critic, to whom I submitted these pages (to which I fear this footnote is giving an importance that they in no way possess) has begged me to be more explicit. "What exactly are you driving at? We are most of us very dull." But, obviously, to put down on paper the sort of conversation I am involved in week by week! That is all. If anyone derives from it the impression that many of our young Catholics are half-paganised—well, I did not write it to prove that, but I would certainly not deny that that is so. The worst of human experiences is, that they are not exact, and that most people are vague, and, I daresay, becoming vaguer.

marked someone on the outskirts of the mob, "and has had pains in your head ever since. And Mrs. Toast she says it's a judgment for not going to Mass, you don't, though she a Protestant an' all."

"Did you get knocked down?" I asked. "That was bad luck."

"'E was crying," said another child. "'E'd broke a window and he had to find the 'arf crown, and—"

"Me mother gets 32 bob off the Guardians," he said, on the defensive; "an' there's the nine of us, an' I'm big, and I was earning 13 bob a week, but then I catches me finger in the door and then I breaks the window and I can't earn me thirteen bob but they take the 'arf dollar off me. That's why I was crying, an' we none of us ain't got boots, not proper boots. An' there's young Bert's teeth only there ain't no time to have 'em see to."

"Doesn't your father help a bit?" I asked rashly.

From the silence that followed I concluded he was in gaol.

"Some of you gentlemen," said a woman who had come to stand behind us, "ought to think more about bread an' less about teeth."

"You're quite right," I answered; "if they had better food they'd often have better teeth; but above all, they need more milk."

"I'll say this, mister," she resumed, rather heatedly, "that there's not one of me five as has ever lacked for their tea. From weaned up, they never 'as lacked their good hot cup o' tea."

I didn't argue, but asked whether the children got away to the country. To my surprise, this provoked a perfect chorus of shrieks and a turmoil of shoves, each child anxious to contribute its sentiments . . .

"Oh mister—are you from the Country 'Olidy Fun?—Oh mister, can I go to the Country 'Olidy Fun?—Can I go?—can I go?—Father, can I go away with Kathleen? she's ever such a scream!—Please, mister, please, let 'im and 'im an' me go away togevver! please mister we're mates. Mister, we've saved up eight pennies between us.—Mister, what country is Bucks in? Oh, mister, it was an awful long way.—Father, the Father there let us pick currants in his garden! Oh please Father, do let us go there again . . . We brought back vegiputtles and there wasn't *many* squashed."

"It makes them happy?" I asked the woman.

"Pity they can't all go," she said colourlessly—all her

talk was emotionless: "the Fund only takes them as can't get no other 'oliday and then the poorest and the delicate ones first—but which of 'em ain't? Course it makes 'em happy. 'Ark at 'em remembering of last year! There's Emily Barnes what's been pinin' ever since she went two years back. Pining, that what's the matter with her. That's what she's missing. 'Temper,' says the doctor; 'Fits,' says the visitor; but it's nerves, more like; proper on her nerves, never seeing them pretty colours no more and all them big fields."

It appeared that Emily Barnes was ten. Nerves at ten . . .

Another woman had been looking at me with large and liquid eyes. Italian, obviously. I took my hat off and asked her where she came from—Tuscany? She pressed both hands to her throat, burst into tears, and went quickly away.

"Pore thing," commented the woman. "She can't put up with the winters. Stands to reason, if you think. Her boys, they've both 'ad brownkitus ever since they come; and that's more than five year, now. 'Ad to fight hard, she has, ever since her husband died and left 'er with six. Ought to 'ave 'ad 'is tonsils done, did her Jewseppy as she calls 'im but we just calls him Tonio, but 'e was frightened and ran away out of the 'ospital and screams hisself black if he sees the doctor."

"Can you ever get away yourself?"

"Me an' me man has never had a night out of London not since we came from Devonshire ten year ago." Her eyes veiled themselves. "But what's the good o' talking? My man, he's a compositor, but he's been out of a job ever since the general strike; he gets fifteen shilling a week war-pension and ten shilling from the Union. Plays the piano beautiful, my man does; I do wish we 'ad a piano. He'd take a job in a cinema, if there was one, but then he couldn't stand the atomosphere—'e was gassed 'orrible. Oh I do wish we could have a room to sit in of a Sunday away from beds. Not as we're as bad as next door where they sleeps five in one bed and their Jack, what's twenty year old, 'e sleeps on a chair 'ard by. Not right, it ain't. 'Er 'usband, 'e's only 'ad one year's work ever; only Guardian's money, they got. An' Mrs. Hooper, that's 'is wife, she got catarack in both eyes and did ought to have it see to; but 'there, Mrs. Smith,' she says to me, 'sew I must, and I haven't got no time to think about me eyes.' Patient, she is."

I shuddered, and as the wheel had long since been changed, I began to get into the car. At once a new Babel arose.

"Mister—mister—give us a ride. Mister—I never ain't been in no car before . . . Oh, you naughty ! Oh ain't he a little liar. You bin on a 'bus right as far as the Tunnel. I saw yer. —Well it was only 'oppin' on, like ; and a 'bus ain't no car. I never ain't been in no posh car." (Poor 1921 fourteen-pound little car-let . . . !)

We stuffed about eight into and on to the car ; the rest returned to play hop-sotch ; and a few small girls, "picking flowers." "What shall we pick now ? A beautiful red rose ! An' *now* what shall we pick ? A dysy ! a dysy" (I was told that they were taught this at school, to make them *inhale* ! Evidently they enjoyed it, for I could see them simply swallowing their red roses), and I was enchanted to hear, just as we started, another woman say to her small child who couldn't be fitted in : "What do *you* want to be going in cars for, Noreen, an' all the while your Guardian Angel walking so nicely along the pavements ?"

The street became sinister. We had left the Mercantile Broadway a hundred yards behind us and were now hardly further from the river or the docks. Gone were the bright shop-windows, each with its "Levinski," "Sziencivitch," "Cohen" significantly above it ; gone the rattle, at that hour, of any vehicle. Groups of lads wearing caps looked at us with complete lack of interest ; the couples, girls and boys, stood entranced and did not even look. On the notice-board of some chapel, the "way-side pulpit" announced : "Your Thoughts are the Words of God. Think Nobly."

"What in hell," he said abruptly, "can they make of that ?" And since he very rarely swore, I gathered that something had put his nerves on edge.

But we had arrived at the Club. One of the three small girls upon my knee squeezed my thumb, which she had been holding, extra hard.

"I *do* love you," she observed. "Will you give me a penny to buy you a Christmas present ?"

"You shall each have a penny," I answered, feeling slightly knocked off the perch on which I had assumed a proud and preliminary stand. "That is, if this gentleman and I have enough between us."

"Oo ! he's *rich* !" they whispered. This was due to the car.

"I'd like," I continued, "the Catholics to say a Hail Mary before we get out."

"I says three Hail Mary's every night," one of them

volunteered, "to the Little Flower." Anyway we said it, and I gave them the pennies and my blessing. Then we rang.

"I've got *frightful* wind up," he repeated. "D'you really think I'd better come in? I shan't know what to talk about. Oh—" He thought better of it and swallowed his remark. The door opened.

"I'll tell Mrs. Montgomery," said the little maid, and we went into a tiny room and waited till she came in.

"Very few to-night," she said. "About twenty."

"What *do* I have to talk about?" urged the unfortunate youth.

"You don't have to. They probably won't talk to you at all, to start with. They'll be playing cards or boxing. Say 'Good evening,' and then they'll say 'Good evening'; and then sit down and look over someone's hand or watch the boxing and wait till something happens which makes your neighbour say something, and then echo it. At least that's what I do. But you know about boxing, so you can risk an original remark, and then he'll see you're an expert and talk naturally. Behave as if you'd known them all your life and don't even need to talk."

We went down a steep stair (because the ground sank towards the river) and crossed a little garden. Daffodils had shone there, in the spring, like miracles. We pushed open a door into a room where two ladies were making lemonade and about eight young fellows were playing bridge. They looked up and nodded, but I paid no attention till I had shaken hands with the ladies and had introduced him. Then I hung round the bridge table while he was taken into the next and larger room where presumably there was boxing. Quite half-an-hour went by in desultory remarks, chiefly about jobs, or confined to an "'Ullo," accompanied by a nod. (This really implied rather an advanced stage of familiarity.) A few more boys drifted in, and improved their mind, morals and taste by looking at the *Tatler* and the *Bystander* which some kind and mysterious-minded lady sent down to the club when she had finished with them. They reinforced the notion that the cinema world was the real world: but the "reddest" remark that I ever heard was: "Ah well; I s'pose our turn'll come some day."

Then I went into the other room. To my delight, he had taken off coat and collar, and was boxing—boxing gently, up to a point, but quite carefully, for his opponent was no fool. I sat down on a table to watch.

"How's life?" I said to my neighbour, after a while. He would not have needed to take his collar off, because I think he'd never had one on. He worked on a barge, and existed in a pull-over (if that's the correct word). He said it was not s'bad. After quite a long time he nudged me very hard in the ribs, but said nothing.

"Well?" I asked.

"Got something to tell you," said he. I waited.

Then he related a brief history. It amounted to one sentence.

"Well?" said I. "Feeling a bit sorry, or what?"

"Ar," he responded. "Thought I'd better tell yer."

"Thinking of going to confession?"

"Ar," he said again. "You know I can't do them things. Me? But thought I'd better tell yer."

I hit his arm gently with my fist, and was quite sure I'd better leave it at that. He'd made the mysterious gesture of which alone he was capable.

After a while, the enormous young man heaved away, and I crossed to almost his exact opposite, an exquisite youth in pointed shoes and having his hair polished to a metallic sheen. His method of existing was always a mystery to me, because he spent his time refusing jobs that others would have given their heads to get, and I couldn't see where he got his money from, but I never asked people for information which they had every chance of volunteering but didn't. Anyhow he managed to live up to perfect cinema-standard so far as one could see, though his linen was as mysterious as he was. I had indeed asked him why he liked coming to this club, and he said that there was nowhere else to go when you hadn't the cash for the pictures. He hadn't got a girl—he never went out with them; they came too expensive.

"I saw you talking to Jim," said he. "Don't get much change out of him, do you?"

"How d'you mean 'change'?"

"Well, you wouldn't get him to go to church! Look here. I want to go on with that conversation we was having last time you were here. You've given up asking me if I go to Mass?" I smiled. "Well, you have, haven't you? Now I really want to know—Why do I want to go to Mass for? Why can't I just play the game—"

"What game?" I interrupted.

"Well, you know what I mean," he said sulkily.

"No," I said. "Everybody talks about playing the game, but what game? And who makes the rules?"

"Well, you know. Keeping myself fit."

"Fit?" I asked, quoting shamelessly. "What for?"

"How d'you mean, what for?"

"Well, if you're fitting yourself, I presume you're fitting yourself *for something*. For what? Come on. What game? Fit for what? Don't use catchwords. They make me sick."

He sulked again and said I was educated and he'd tried to do the best for himself but that he'd never had no education, not really, and he didn't see that he was worse than the rest of them and maybe a bit better and why didn't I own up that I knew what he meant? Playing the game. Just keeping as he *should*.

"Listen," I said. "You know I like you. You know I know what you mean so far as you mean anything. But I hate you not thinking things out. But then, I don't think anyone helps you much. What about that Mission you had the other day?"

"Grr!" he growled. "D'you suppose I went to that mission? Look here. You come down and give us a mission in the club, and maybe we'd some of us come. But not in the church. Them that goes on Sunday, they have enough of it. And what I say is, that many of them as goes is the worst. Look at me. I don't do nothing wrong. I don't go with no girls. I'm not a sheik same as some. What do I want a mission for? If ever I did go to confession, I'd not have anything to say. Honest, I wouldn't. I know how to go to confession, but what'd I have to say? Nothing, that I can see. I live honest; I don't so much as smoke. I never go to the pubs save now and again with a friend, and then just for one. Or never more than two. I can't see what you want to make me go to church *for*. If I've not got all I want, who has, in the prevailing social conditions?"

"Mick," I said, "the Sunday press is your gospel. Where'd you get that expression from? By the way—can you vote? Did you?"

"Sure I can," he said to my surprise. "And I did. Labour, o' course. Not that it'll make any difference to the likes of us."

"Whom will it make any difference to? And why was all this part so wild with excitement? I heard you kept it up half the night."

"Oh well, of course you have to vote for your class, same

as you do, I suppose. Can priests vote? Anyway, it makes a bit of a change. You don't get too many excuses for kicking up a bit o' dust like what you do when it's election night. Better than the Cup Tie. Like what the toffs do over their boat-race." I suppose I looked meditative, because he smiled and said: "Don't lose heart; who knows but some day you'll get me round to confession same as you did Jim."

"Jim didn't."

"Came to the same thing. He's gone off happy—I watched him. I knew what he was telling you about. He feels very nigh the Pope now!"

Just then my companion came up with the lad he had been sparring with twenty minutes before. The boy, always cheery, was definitely excited now and pleased with himself.

"Hullo," said he. "Did you see me? See me mixin' it with your friend? Didn't do so bad, did I? Heard from Ned? [Ned was his brother, who had recently joined the Gunners and had steadily threatened desertion ever since. He wrote me extraordinary letters about twice a week, beginning: "Say, C.C., this is sure the life"; or, "Reverend Father I am sure fed up I will burst out next Friday for sure, the Corprol is my Enemy he wishes me to stay becuaeze I can Box and do Gym better than any of them but I will Kill him one of these Days Father, Father from my window I can see for miles I am like a Caged Bird Father I want the River and I want my Pal you know Joe, I was the Brains of the firm and what will he do Without me? There is a young fellow from Abba something it is in Whales he is champion Heavy Weight in them parts he hates me and I hate him back and I will bash his Face in one of these Days. I am feeling better now C C I have not swore since I am in the Army we are several RCs here we get marched to church I never been to church so often in All my life Father some say I have a swelled head have I. Your desperate Ned."'] Gee, he'll make some soldier, better than what I did stoker, I reckon. Many a good fight and true did I have outside our quarters, Father. Gaw! you should have seen me. Blood? I ask you. But I never took me medal off though it would have bruised me cruel to get a whack just over it. However, I chuck that job—fed-up—you know. Same as Arthur 'Ayward, he chuck his too, couldn't stand the country and went fair crazed with his people always writing to him to send 'ome money. Money? 'e didn't have none, though the pay was good. But fair crazed he was, with them letters, so back

he come, chuck his job an' all, so as they should *know* he hadn't got no money to give them, and stop their talkin'. 'Ullo—prayer-time." And they all knelt down.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Brief "acts." Then I asked one more Hail Mary for someone very sick. The voices rose intensified. The blessing. When we got up, several approached and asked how the last person we had prayed for was. I said she was astonishingly better. They nodded knowingly. "Yer see? Never does no harm praying. Curious, ain't it, how they gets better? Not as ever *I* got better if I prayed. S'pose I don't deserve it. G'night, Father. See you back here soon, I expect."

He drove home almost in silence. When we reached his rooms he said I'd better come up for a final one. So we went up, and he gave me pink gin in the egg-cup, which showed how preoccupied he was.

"God! I could cry," he suddenly remarked. I waited. "Those kids, to start with," he said.

"Catholics haven't got to rest," I said, talking rather at random so as to give him time, "till we can manage to get the whole lot into something like country, if it's only a day at a time. Even the Zoo on a Saturday makes all the difference. Or one can take a dozen to a house with a garden in the suburbs. You know Cecil Calthrop? You should have seen him the other day at Wimbledon, in the loveliest pearly flannels, boxing five of 'em at a time, and getting knocked down and letting them trample all over him. Good kid. He'll do it regularly. In fact I believe he's been doing it quite a bit, only he's so infernally secretive. Our children always have to provide—well, it may be even just a half-penny of their fare. They are proud of that. Even the Holiday Fund assesses what it thinks the parents can do and if they only pay half-a-crown for the fortnight, they are keen on paying that. I wish we could arrange holidays for the mothers *while* the children are away on theirs. Tragic, but it's often better that they *shouldn't* go together. I know one who's never had a holiday for ten years. Not one day. The difficulty is to find cottagers who'll take a child in for a fortnight, though they're well paid. Especially it's difficult to find Catholic ones. However, there are some lovely workers. They give up 'Scotland' and lots of things for the sake of seeing to these fortnights. And what's more, they find it much better fun."

"Would it be the slightest good my going down say once a fortnight like to-night? I wouldn't know what to talk about. I hardly said a word to-night. Still, we seemed pally."

"Certainly it would be a lot of good. You needn't talk. I hardly said a word myself. It's so easy to get ahead of the Holy Ghost if you talk. Still, after a bit they'll ask questions. You'll see. Have you ever been out of England? d'you hold with killing off sickly babies? or with millionaires? or with vaccination. Or confession. Or communism. You ought to say just one little bit more than 'Yes' or 'No,' but not much. They can't concentrate. Except a few who'll argue, and even they'll be all over the place. You'd have always to fetch 'em back to the point. Ask 'em what their slogan means. They never know. Yet they have fine brains. And such loyal hearts, even when they leave out obvious things like saying 'Thank you.' But as a rule their manners are perfect, except when they're shy."

"Are they very Red?"

"Nominally, now and again. Not for reasons. They see vaguely that it makes no difference to 'the likes of them' what party governs. Personally, I expect no party can remain long enough in power to finish its jobs. So each party does some good that the next one carries on with. No one can go down there much, and keep a belief in parties. It's a whole change of heart, a whole formation of mind, that's needed."

"One never sees anything. One never guesses . . ."

"No. You don't like your rooms—but there's no lice on the walls; rats don't run over you at night. You don't even sleep in a garret over paint and varnish works like my friend Mr. Chart, who was gassed and wounded when he was 22 and coughs ever since. He has to live there because he's caretaker of the works. His wife's just going to have a baby, but I expect it'll be dead, because they suddenly whisked her off by a mistake to a fever hospital a month ago and she's had nerves ever since. And her sister's landlady wants to live in the house her sister's in, so out she has to go—they've offered her a house in Becontree—but it's 14 miles from her husband's work, so what's the good of that?"

"I'm tired," he said. "Say goodnight, and give me a chance of thinking."

. C. C. MARTINDALE.

THE WILTON DIPTYCH

THAT the famous Wilton House diptych, by a combined effort of public and private generosity, should have found a home in the National Gallery, instead of being sold to an American millionaire, is certainly a matter for much satisfaction. £90,000 is a large price, but the diptych would probably have realized that figure in the open market, and though this work of art was for fifty years in the possession of the crown of England it was not alienated by confiscation or theft, but it was made over as a free gift to the Earl of Castlemaine, the son of the Sir James Palmer, who had originally presented it to His Majesty King Charles I. On the death of Castlemaine in 1705, it was bought by Thomas Earl of Pembroke, and it has remained at Wilton House ever since. There can be no reasonable doubt that these two panels were painted early in the reign of King Richard II. They are not in oil but in tempera; which rather suggests that they are older than the 15th century. But apart from the approximate date of their production, everything else is uncertain. We know neither the name nor the nationality of the artist, and we have nothing but conjecture to guide us in any suggestion which may be offered as to the occasion which called this masterpiece into being. If a recent leader in *The Times* speaks with authority, the picture must be pronounced to be "French of the late fourteenth century, with a most charming reflection of the smile of Blessed Angelico." But can it be said that we know enough of what English artists—possibly under French or Netherlandish tuition—were capable of producing, to be at all certain on the point? There was an astonishing amount of painting going on at Westminster Abbey during precisely this period.¹ Must we assume that the workmen were all foreigners? Sir Martin Conway seems to have had reason on his side when he declared that the diptych "is to be considered the work of an English artist until someone proves that it is not."

The owners of Wilton House have for the most part been very generous in admitting the public to view their treasures, but even for those who have found no opportunity of seeing

¹ See the entries printed by Canon, afterwards Bishop, Pearce in his book "The Monks of Westminster," Cambridge, 1916, pp. 100, 101, 112, 115.

the original, excellent reproductions are available which give an adequate idea of the subject and its treatment. An engraving by Hollar dates from the 17th century. The Arundel Society have included it in their series of masterpieces by great artists, and it naturally finds a prominent place among the splendid photogravures of Sir Nevile Rodwell Wilkinson's "Wilton House Pictures." That the purpose of the composition is devotional leaves no doubt. In the panel, which is on the spectator's left, we see King Richard II. in profile, kneeling and with folded hands. The face is youthful, almost girlish, and shows no trace of hair upon cheek or lips.¹ He is clad in a gorgeous scarlet mantle, embroidered in gold with his badge of the white hart "lodged," outlined also with the broom-cods characteristic of the Plantagenets. Behind him stand his three patron saints: St. John the Baptist with the lamb, King Edward the Confessor with a ring, and King Edmund the martyr with an arrow. St. John the Baptist holds his hand upon the young King's shoulder and seems to be presenting him to the central figure of the group which fills the panel opposite.

In this second tablet we see the Queen of Heaven, holding in her arms the Divine Child, who raises His little hand in blessing. She is surrounded by eleven angels clothed in blue and crowned with white roses. Each of them bears on the left breast the royal badge of the white hart, and one of them is holding a staff from which floats the red cross pennon of St. George, the patron of England. In the dress of the angels also the chain of broom-cods is introduced as a kind of trimming.

As already stated, no information is forthcoming as to the origin of the picture. Sir George Scharf, who published a short monograph in connection with the Arundel Society's reproduction of the diptych, declared it to be his strong impression that the two paintings were "devised for a purpose affecting the King's religious movements" and he identified it more particularly with the occasion when Richard, still a lad not yet fifteen years old, encountered the rebels in the Wat Tyler revolt and by his courage and presence of mind saved a situation which seemed full of peril to the government of the country. The late Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., as many of my readers will be aware, was convinced that at

¹ It is noteworthy that Adam of Usk who knew Richard personally in his early years describes him at the age of eleven as "most beautiful among the sons of men and like a second Absalom."

or about this time the young King by a formal act dedicated the Kingdom of England to Our Lady as her "Dowry," a phrase which was unquestionably used by Archbishop Arundel in the year 1400 as if the fact of some such consecration was a matter of common knowledge.¹ Father Bridgett wrote :

Who does not remember to have read with horror of that dreadful 14th of June, 1381, when the infuriated rabble, under the cruel and ambitious Wat Tyler and the profligate priest who called himself Jack Straw, after wholesale massacres and reckless destruction of property in London, rushed into the Tower, dragged the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon of Sudbury, from the altar where he had just celebrated Mass, and having murdered him, nailed derisively an ecclesiastical cap to the venerable head, which they fixed upon London Bridge? What followed on the next day, and how Tyler was cut down by the Lord Mayor at Smithfield, is also well remembered and is commemorated by the statue of Sir William Walworth on Holborn Viaduct. The young King's intrepidity on this occasion has won the praise of our historians ; but the details of the piety which inspired this courage have been too generally passed over in silence by modern writers, whether Protestant or Catholic.

Froissart did not consider them so unimportant. He tells us that after the short repose of that terrible night, when the King awoke, knowing that his kingdom and even his life were in danger, he rode to Westminster, where with the nobles who had gathered around him, and the Lord Mayor, William Walworth, he heard Mass in St. Stephen's chapel and ardently implored God's help. Thence they went to kneel before an image of our Lady, called "Our Lady of the Pew,"² or of the royal gallery.

¹ See Wilkins, "Concilia," III., 246. The Archbishop describes his English countrymen as "the humble servants of her own inheritance and liegemen of her especial dower." The mandate directs that the Angelus should be rung in the morning as well as at nightfall and grants an indulgence of 40 days to all who then recite a Pater and five Aves. The chronicler Thomas of Elmham (c. 1420) makes mention of the English at Agincourt raising the battle-cry "Mary for her Dowry," and Mr. Edmund Waterton, F.S.A., in his "Pietas Mariana Britannica," points out that the same Thomas of Elmham recurs frequently to the subject and ends a canto of his Latin poem with the words :

Anglia Dos tua fit, Mater pia, Virgo Maria

Henrico Rege, tu tua jura rege.

Compare this with the inscription on the English College picture mentioned below.

² For a learned and most interesting discussion of this word "Pew," as here used, read Waterton, bk. ii. pp. 227 fol.

"This image," says Froissart, "is famous for miracles and graces, and the Kings of England place great trust in it. The King then made his prayers before this image, and made an offering of himself to our Lady.¹ Then he mounted on horseback and all his nobles with him and rode towards London." He could not but attribute to those prayers and to this offering the marvellous turn of fortune that immediately followed.

A year² after this deliverance from peril, Richard was united in marriage with the "good Queen Anne." What is more natural than that, having offered himself to our Lady in so critical a moment, and having experienced her power and goodness, he should have made in gratitude a public and solemn offering of himself and of his kingdom to his glorious Protectress?

I am not quite satisfied that the Wat Tyler revolt was the occasion which led to the painting of the Wilton diptych, though it would no doubt be rash to reject the possibility of such a solution. On the other hand it certainly seems to me that heed ought to be paid to a suggestion which was made by the late Mr. Everard Green, F.S.A., then Rouge Dragon at the Herald's College. In his opinion the diptych was the votive offering of King Richard II. made to the shrine of our Lady of Pewe at his coronation.

It is known [he wrote] that the King visited this shrine, which was close to Westminster Abbey, immediately after his coronation, and that he made some special offering.³ Richard II. was born at Bordeaux on the feast of the Epiphany (Jan. 6, 1366-7) and hence I think it is that in the dexter panel two kings are represented standing and one kneeling, the universal position of the three kings in the pictures of the adoration of the Magi. In the diptych both St. Edmund, King and martyr, and Edward the Confessor point to the kneeling monarch as their successor on the throne of England.

In the same panel is St. John the Baptist, resting his hand on Richard's shoulder. This is to recall the fact that the latter succeeded to his grandfather, Edward III.,

¹ "Là fit ce roi ses oraisons devant ceste image; et s'offrit à elle." Froissart, Bk. II., ch. 76.

² It was less than a year since Wat Tyler was cut down in June, 1381, and Richard was married to Anne on January 14, 1382.

³ I must confess that I have been unable to discover from what source Mr. Everard Green learnt this. He unfortunately seems to have given no reference.

on the eve of Midsummer Day, June 23, 1377, the vigil of the feast of St. John the Baptist, whom the King had adopted as his patron saint.¹

The boy King, aged eleven, kneels and offers to the Blessed Virgin by the hands of her Divine Son the banner of St. George, a gift to signify that England was the *dos Mariae*, a fact mentioned by Archbishop Arundel in his mandate or pastoral.

The eleven angels who surround the Blessed Virgin are each wearing the King's badge, the White Hart lodged, and represent the years of the King's life at the time of his coronation and are the "angels" presented by him as his special offering to the shrine of our Lady of the Pewe. These "angels" were thought to have been pieces of money, but the coin of that name did not come into currency until after the time of Richard II.²

Although some of these details may seem fanciful, I do not think that Mr. Everard Green's suggestion ought to be rejected off-hand without careful consideration. A curious point which is hardly likely to have come to his knowledge is that William Thorne of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in his chronicle³ written not very long after, says of this year, 1367, "In the same year on the Epiphany of Our Lord, Richard, King of England, was born at Bordeaux; and at his birth there were three Magi, to wit the King of Spain, the King of Navarre and the King of Portugal, the which kings presented the boy with precious gifts." It is not quite clear that this statement regarding the presence of three kings is historically accurate, but the fact that this was rumoured or fabled would have been quite sufficient justification for an artist to take advantage of such symbolism. Again it seems clear that Richard undoubtedly recognized some special link which bound him devotionally to St. Edmund the martyr.⁴ A curious picture which was at one time preserved at the English College, Rome, bears witness to the fact.

¹ It is well known that the King's usual oath was "by St. John the Baptist"; see D.N.B., "Richard II.", Vol. 48, p. 152.

² I only know this suggestion of Mr. Everard Green from the quotation given without further reference by Sir Nevile R. Wilkinson in "The Wilton House Pictures," Vol. I., pp. 71-72.

³ Twysden, "Decem Scriptores," (W. Thorne), p. 2142.

⁴ In 1389 a very splendid set of High Mass vestments was presented by the King to the Abbey of Westminster. The orfrees, we are told, bore "representations of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. John Baptist, St. Edward the Confessor, St. Edmund the King and a certain Abbess." See Pearce, "William de Colchester," p. 57.

Father Bridgett, in the Preface to the Third Edition of *Our Lady's Dowry* calls attention to a statement which had been copied into Harleian MS. 360 from some Catholic source at the beginning of the reign of James I. It runs as follows :

That England is Our Lady's Dowrie. In the Church of St. Thomas Hospitall in Rome there is a very faire painted and gilded Table of Imagerie worke, standing before the Altare of Saint Edmund the martire, once a King of England; which by the viewe of the wood and workmanship seemeth to have bin painted about an hundred yeares past. It is in length about five foote, and about three foote high. It is divided into five panes. In the middle pane there is a picture of our blessed Ladie. In the nexte pane upon her left hand kneeleth a young King, Saint Edmund as it is thought, in a side robe of scarlet, who, lifting up his eyes and handes towards our blessed Lady and holding betweene his hands the globe or paterne of England, presenteth the same to our Ladie saying thus: *Dos tua Virgo pia hæc est; quare rege, Maria*—"O blessed Virgin heere beholde this is thy Dowerie. Defend it now, preserve it still in all prosperitie" His scepter and his crowne lying before him on a cushion and St. George in armour standing behind him in the same pane, somewhat leaning forward and laying his right hand in such manner upon the King's back that he seemeth to present the King and his presents to our blessed Ladye. This may induce a man to think that it is no newe devised speeche to call England our Ladyes dowerie.

When the writer says that the young King kneeling on the left of our Blessed Lady was thought to be St. Edmund, he is certainly quite at sea, as will appear directly, but this "very faire painted and gilded Table of Imagerie worke" stood before the altar of St. Edmund the Martyr and it is extremely probable that St. Edmund was depicted in one of the undescribed "panes." We are told that it was to be seen in "the Church of St. Thomas Hospitall in Rome," and it is certain that in the fourteenth century two separate institutions had come into existence in Rome for the convenience of English pilgrims. The earlier, that of St. Thomas, occupied the site of the present English College in the Via di Monserrato and we have legal instruments concerning it which date back to the year 1362. The second was on the other side of the

Tiber, and a certain John White seems to have been mainly responsible for its erection. A deed of purchase still in existence sets out that in view of the possibility of his leaving Rome and not returning, "in case the new Hospice did not succeed in its purpose, the property was to pass to the Hospital of St. Thomas over the river."¹ Now from Capgrave, who wrote apparently early in the fifteenth century, we learn that this second hospice in the Trastevere was called "the hospital of Saint Edmund the kyng."² It fell into decay, along with the chapel attached to it, and then, presumably in virtue of the provisions made by John White, the church furniture, etc., together with the obligations of Masses to be said were all transferred to the Church of St. Thomas, i.e., the English College. Moreover "in order that the cultus and memory of the said holy king (St. Edmund) might not perish, an altar was erected in the same church, where a relic of the Saint is preserved and venerated on the day of his feast."³ Undoubtedly this second English hospice in the Trastevere, which does not seem to have greatly flourished, was begun in the reign of Richard II., and it is very probably some confusion between this and the "Hospital of St. Thomas" which has led Stowe, followed by Bishop Richard Smith, in his "Historical Letter" to James I., to say that the English Hospital in Rome was founded in the reign of Richard II.⁴

Be this as it may, everything points to the fact that "the painted and gilded table standing before the altar of St. Edmund the Martyr" originally belonged to the chapel of St. Edmund in the Trastevere and was placed there when it was first erected. Can it possibly be that when on the death of Anne of Bohemia, the Queen to whom Richard was so tenderly devoted, the King ordered the residence of Sheen where she breathed her last to be destroyed, this "Table" was preserved and sent to Rome to decorate the newly-erected chapel? We have, however, a somewhat fuller description of it than that already quoted. In an article in this magazine for June, 1895, the late Father Charles Coupe called attention for the first time to an exceedingly interesting notice which is printed at the very end of Father Silvester Petrasanta's great heraldic

¹ Gasquet, "A History of the Venerable English College, Rome," p. 31.

² "The Solace of Pilgrimes." Oxford, 1911, p. 109 and notes.

³ Piazza, "Eusevologio Romano," 1699. Vol. I., p. 81. Although the demolition of the church of St. Edmund did not take place until 1665, the picture with its inscription *Dos tua Virgo Maria* etc., must certainly have been transferred to the Via di Monserrato more than 60 years before.

⁴ See Stowe, "Annales" (Ed. 1631), p. 335, and cf. Smith, "Florum Historiae Eccles. Libri VII." Paris, 1654, p. 415.

treatise, *Tesserae Gentilitiae ex legibus Feccialium descriptæ*. In this account sketches of the figures of the King and Queen as depicted on the "Table" are reproduced, together with the shields of both as they appeared fully blazoned. These shields, combined with the costume, leave no possible doubt that the two kneeling figures are those of Richard II. and his



Queen, Anne of Bohemia, the sister of the Emperor, and in Petrasanta's text we find the following description, which I copy from Father Coupe's translation of the Latin original :

A very old picture is extant at the present time in Rome, in the English College, representing the figures of a King and Queen of England in splendid costumes.

Each is attired in a tunic and vest, the tunic embroidered with lilies, the vest with leopards.¹

The Queen wears, in addition, a cope of cloth of gold ornamented with eagles. The ancestral shields of both are depicted, blazoned with heraldic insignia corresponding to those on their dresses. The royal pair seem to be Richard II.—the successor of Edward, who was the first to quarter the French lilies with the English leopards—and Anne of Bohemia, his wife. This lady was the sister of Wenceslaus of Bohemia, King of the Romans and afterwards Emperor, for which reason her cope is embroidered and her shield charged with the Imperial eagle. King and Queen are kneeling on both knees, St. John is introducing them to our Lady, and they are offering to the Virgin Mother of God the island of Britain, with this inscription, *Dos tua*, &c.

Some notable inconsistencies between these two accounts cannot escape notice. The writer of the Harleian MS. tells us that the young King "holding between his hands the globe or paterne of England, presenteth the same to our Ladie," whereas Petrasanta's picture shows nothing between his hands. Further, while the former description states that the King has his sceptre and crown lying before him on a cushion, the picture shows him wearing his crown, as does the Wilton diptych. Lastly in the one account St. George in armour presents the King to our Lady, while in the other it is St. John, who could not by any possibility be mistaken for St. George, who so introduces them.

It is most deplorable that the English College "Table" has apparently disappeared. Cardinal Gasquet makes no reference to it, unless the "picture of the patron St. Edmund" which in 1664 stood over the high altar of the church of the English College can possibly be identified with the "table in five panes."² So far as one can judge from Petrasanta's rude sketches there is distinctly something suggestive of the feeling of the diptych in the figures of the king and queen. The king, however, is here very notably older. There is a slight mous-

¹ In a Roll of Arms of Henry III., edited by N. H. Nicholas (London, 1829), the first entry is "Le Roy d'Angleterre porte goutes trois lupards d'or." The lions of England, until the end of the fourteenth century, were generally blazoned as leopards.

Upon his shoulders a scheld of stele,
With the lybbardes painted wele.

² Gasquet, "History of the Venerable English College," p. 34.

tache on the upper lip and apparently two little tufts of hair on the chin which correspond well with what may be noticed in other portraits of Richard. The chief difficulty which seems to me to stand in the way of accepting Mr. Everard Greer's suggestion that the diptych was executed to commemorate the king's coronation at the age of eleven, or more accurately ten years and six months, is that the face though very juvenile, seems too mature to be intended to represent that of a child. Still it must be remembered—first that probably some time elapsed before an artist was found or had opportunity to execute the commission, and secondly that he may deliberately have striven to give a more mature air to the King's youthful features. Undoubtedly the boy Richard was precocious beyond his years. He had already appeared several times in public and in the January of that same year at the age of ten, he had opened Parliament on behalf of his grandfather.

Mr. Everard Green's suggestion that the eleven "angels" which Richard is said to have offered at the altar of our Lady of the Pewe really have reference to the angels in the picture seems certainly justified by the fact that the angel-noble was not known in English coinage until the middle of the fifteenth century, though the French *angelot* or *ange* seems to be somewhat older. Curiously we have the same play upon words in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where Falstaff says of Mistress Ford, "Now, the report goes that she hath all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels." Unfortunately I have not yet discovered where the original reference to this offering of eleven angels is to be found. Everything of course depends upon the date. An offering of eleven nobles would very naturally be described by a writer who lived at the close of the fifteenth century as an offering of eleven angels.

The indications, to my thinking, all seem to point strongly in the direction of our Lady of the Pewe at Westminster, and not, as Mr. W. K. Shaw has suggested in a letter to *The Times*, to Henry Despencer, Bishop of Norwich. The prominence given to St. Edward the Confessor and the display the diptych makes of his ring remind us how Abbot Litlington (? in 1386) wrote to Richard to explain that through "âge et faiblesse" he could not come "en propre personne" and bring "la noble relique l'anel saint Edward"

(St. Edward's ring).¹ If it be asked how the picture came into the hands of Lady Jennings and thence to Sir James Palmer, the confiscations at the dissolution of the monasteries would surely explain the dispersal of such works of art; and besides that we have record than on Feb. 7, 1393-94 "certain thieves and limbs of Satan broke into the chapel of our Lady of the Pewe at Westminster and carried off many jewels and treasures."²

Finally, while nothing very definite can be affirmed concerning the origin of the Wilton diptych, Mr. Everard Green's conjecture is not devoid of probability; and, if so, the picture just acquired for the National Gallery, must, as something possibly associated with the first formal dedication of England to our Lady, possess special interest not only for Catholics, but also, let me add, for those Anglo-Catholics throughout the Empire, to whom the honour of the Queen of Heaven is dear.

HERBERT THURSTON.

POSTSCRIPT. It may be worth while to state that this article was already in type before the appearance of Sir Martin Conway's letter in *The Times* of June 26th. One is glad to find that Sir Martin still adheres to his opinion, reported 20 years ago in "The Wilton House Pictures," that no good reason has yet been shown for assigning the diptych to a foreign artist.

¹ Pearce, "Monks of Westminster," p. 86.

² "The Monk of Evesham," Ed. Hearne, p. 125.

THE BLESSED JOHN BOSCO: ECCLESIASTICAL STATESMAN

HIS Holiness Pope Pius XI. has recently promulgated the Decree of the Beatification of Don Bosco, and the new *Beatus* has received universal tributes of devout admiration. The Supreme Pontiff himself has stressed the miraculous element in his life, this element being specially prominent in the Process of the Beatification; for two persons who were the recipients of the favours obtained through his intercession, favours formally approved as genuine miracles, were present at the ceremonies attendant upon this important event.

Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis, and it is with those events in the lives of the great Servants of God which appear to be extraordinary and miraculous, that the world at large becomes familiar. It may not be so well known, however, that the Blessed John Bosco lived in the troubled times of intensified, anti-clerical hostility in Italy, before and after the destruction of the Temporal Power; his own Oratory¹ was more than once subjected to police inspection, though, of course, nothing of any compromising nature was ever discovered there; while the acute difficulties that arose between Church and State involved him, who was ever so passionately devoted to the Papacy and zealous for the honour of the Vicar of Christ, almost inevitably in political activities, with the result that the boy from the lowly village homestead became an instrument of Providence to further peaceful conditions for the Church and State alike. In the long and intricate negotiations thus arising, his pre-eminent gifts—prudence, frankness, courage, self-sacrifice—were brought into great prominence and went far to secure the rights of the Church, without injuring the lawful claims of the State; and on this latter point, the Ministers soon convinced themselves that Don Bosco's integrity made him a perfectly trustworthy negotiator, who would secure and maintain all civil interests and immunities.

In many events of the first importance the Blessed John Bosco was brought into immediate contact with the Supreme Pontiff. He had long foreseen that the enemies of the Papacy

¹ The name given to the Guest House founded by Don Bosco, now the Mother House of the Salesian Society.

would seize Rome—and hints to that effect, given to the household of the Vatican, had not made him very popular there. Yet in the confusion and panic caused by the imminence of the assault, the members of the Pontifical Court counselled and even urged the Holy Father to flee from Rome. Pius IX. considered the proposal with his customary prudence, and while deferring a definite reply, he sent to ask Don Bosco's advice. Meanwhile, the Prelates urged immediate action, but the Supreme Pontiff said he would await the reply to his message. The embassy was a secret one, but the reply is known to have been couched in these terms: "Let the sentinel of Israel stay at his post, and keep guard over the citadel of God." Pius IX. followed the advice without any further question, and remained in the Vatican, even during the stormy period of the invasion.

In the next year, 1871, the negotiations began, by which Don Bosco was able to render a service of the highest consequence to the Church in Italy. At that time more than sixty Sees were bereft of their Bishops, a state of things naturally detrimental to Religion, and the practice of the Faith. The Pope discussed with Don Bosco this vital but thorny question, for the hostile Government desired to abolish some Sees entirely, and to regulate positively or negatively appointments to the others. Having obtained the necessary powers from the Supreme Pontiff, Don Bosco wrote officially to Signor Lanza, the Minister responsible, and pointed out that after the Law of Guarantees of May 13th, it was not in the interests of the Government to oppose the nomination of the Bishops by the Pope, at the same time offering his own services as an intermediary between the Government and the Holy See. Summoned from Turin by the Minister he began negotiations straightway. The Government soon agreed to abandon its previous proposals of suppressing several Sees, and then Don Bosco proceeded to Rome.

The Pope was then celebrating his completion of "the years of Peter," the first of the long line to do so. But what Don Bosco had to relate—the sad state of the many dioceses bereaved of their Pastors,—filled the Pontiff with sorrow. He gave Don Bosco full powers to treat with the Government, and when the preliminary negotiations had been successful, he said to him: "When you have completed the list of those whom you propose for the vacant Sees, give it to me and I shall appoint them."

Don Bosco thereupon retired in the month of August to

Nezza Monferrato and in the quiet villa belonging to the Countess Corsi, he devoted himself to the task of selecting such candidates as would be acceptable to both Church and State. He sought information from many quarters, and conferred with parish priests and Vicars-General. On one day there were eighteen Vicars-General or Vicars-Capitular in consultation with him, whom the kindness of the Countess enabled him to entertain. Some members of his own Society asked him what the next step would be, when he had completed his list. Don Bosco replied: "Did Our Lord ask permission from anyone when He sent His Apostles to preach? He merely said 'Go!' and they went." This answer showed the nature of the advice which he gave to Pius IX.; the Pope was to appoint the Bishops, while the Government might continue to discuss details: the important thing was to have the Bishops in their dioceses—whether the Government would grant the temporalities or not was of secondary importance. That policy was in fact adopted. The Pope approved the names proposed and although there were difficulties in regard to a few, by Don Bosco's prudent handling of the situation, these were gradually smoothed away. In the Consistory of October 27, 1871, more than forty diocesan Sees were filled and all the Bishops were able to enter into their Sees, though the question of temporalities was not yet solved.

In March, 1873, Don Bosco had another interview with the Minister of the Interior, who was accompanied by the Minister of War and the Minister of Justice. A long and closely contested discussion took place. There were proposals on both sides, and at length a *modus vivendi*, which seemed to safeguard the rights of both parties, was agreed upon, and on these lines the question was finally settled. The Pope's champion had succeeded in his task, but met with little credit from the extremists on both sides: some condemned him as having been too friendly with the anti-clerical ministers of the Government, others as too staunch a partisan of the Pope, as though that entailed hostility to the State. The labours and humiliations then endured are now a source of honour and glory to this holy man, whose pre-occupation with spiritual things never interfered with his practical genius in ecclesiastico-political affairs.

The prophetic gifts of the Blessed Don Bosco brought him into contact with many eminent personages. When he was in Rome in 1867, Queen Maria Teresa, the second wife of Ferdinand II., the former King of Naples, had a long con-

versation with him; she earnestly desired to hear from his lips that a more glorious future awaited that unfortunate royal House, and that it would be restored to the throne of Naples. Don Bosco replied: "Your Majesty, I regret to have to tell you, but you will never see Naples again." This reply was told to the King, Francis II., who thereupon became very eager to consult Don Bosco. It was subsequently arranged for the meeting to take place at the Villa Ludovisi, where, after celebrating Mass, Don Bosco, during an interview of three-quarters of an hour, was asked by the King to tell him quite frankly whether he thought he would regain his kingdom, for all seemed to be of the opinion that he would be restored to his throne within a few months.

Don Bosco at first hesitated, saying that it was not for him to foretell the future. The King insisted, and then Don Bosco said:

"If you wish me to tell you clearly, I must say that Your Majesty will never be restored to the throne."

"On what do you base this reply? Upon conjecture, or upon sure grounds?"

"Upon convincing arguments."

The King then demanded to know what these arguments were, and Don Bosco pointed out the Royal House of Naples had not treated the Church with great respect. For more than sixty years the Bishops could not give Confirmation without the permission of the King, could not ordain, hold synods, make pastoral visitations or correspond with Rome without getting leave from the Sovereign. A long argument arose out of this, but Don Bosco added to his indictment, the grave wrongs inflicted on the Church in Sicily by the usurping of her rights by the previous Sovereigns. The King was inclined to be angry with this exposition of the facts which had caused the downfall to his dynasty. However, he congratulated Don Bosco upon his frankness, and begged him to come to his palace, because the Queen Sophia wanted to make his acquaintance. On February 7th, therefore, Don Bosco went to the palazzo Farnese and was received by the Queen and her attendants. The conversation gradually came round to the matter which all had so dearly at heart, and when the King again asked about their return to Naples, Don Bosco said it would be best to put it out of their minds.

During the long drawn-out negotiations between Pius IX. and the Government over the appointments to the vacant Sees, some political writers expressed the opinion that Don Bosco

was aiming at nothing less than a reconciliation between the Pope and the Government. Don Bosco, however, confined his efforts to securing Pastors for the churches, and safeguarding the Religious Orders, and, unless directed to do so by the Pope, would never enter upon that momentous question, which has had to wait till the present year for its solution. Nevertheless the present Holy Father himself stressed this point in his allocution on March 19th of this year, that it was a most happy coincidence that the proclamation of the miracles of Don Bosco should be made immediately after the great event of the recognition of the Sovereign rights of the Holy See by the Government; for that event would have rejoiced so faithful and so prudent a servant of the Roman Church and the Papacy. The Holy Father had heard from Don Bosco's own lips how much he deplored, and how much he had at heart this sad discordant state of things, and how dearly he hoped for a settlement which would maintain the honour of God and of His Church and would procure the good of souls.

His Holiness related with much emotion his own experience at the Oratory of Turin, where, as a young priest, he had been for some days the guest of Don Bosco. Although endowed with the gift of prophecy, the holy priest had not told his young friend anything about *his* future. And yet was it not strangely wonderful that, after the lapse of so many years, he himself should be called by God to proclaim the miracles of Don Bosco, which were to prepare for him the honours of the Altar?

Truly, like other holy men in their own age, Don Bosco had a providential mission on behalf of the Church and Society in modern times. By his spoken and written word, by laborious effort, by patient and persevering negotiations he vindicated the rights of the Church and the honour of Christ's Vicar on earth; by his network of religious and educative organizations he promoted efficaciously the highest interests of the State. Very appropriately, therefore, both Church and State have recently combined to do him honour, the one as a valiant defender in time of need, the other as a social benefactor and a noble son; both, indeed, as one of the heroic Servants of God.

W. G. AUSTEN, S.C.

SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME?

IN 1924 the Labour Party took office for the first time by favour of a veteran Liberal statesman who turned out the Conservatives to make room for it. His action met at the time with grave reprobation on the part of his opponents and even of some of his own followers. The Labour Party was essentially "Socialistic"; to entrust the fortunes, emphatically the *fortunes*, of this great nation to a predatory gang of revolutionaries, wholly inexperienced in government, eager to put their false theories into practice, unacquainted as a class with the thousand traditions of the ruling body, ignorant especially of the ways of Courts and salons—this was to run a dangerous and unwarrantable risk. But Mr. Asquith was wiser than his critics. He knew that, with the widely-extended franchise of the day and the spread of education, the Labour Party had become a fixed feature in the constitution and would one day win the right to govern. Let it therefore have a trial run, in circumstances which limited its capacity to do harm; let it come into immediate contact with the permanent civil and defence services, and learn the power of custom to check and modify legislative impulse; let it, above all, realize the enormous power of finance, national and international, to deflect, impede or initiate policy, and, finally, let it, within its short tether of time and opportunity, learn the necessary lessons in the art of government which experience alone can teach, and then, whenever convenient, it can be sent into opposition again, sobered, enlightened and immeasurably better fitted to rule hereafter. Time has justified the Asquithian wisdom. Their nine months of office taught the Labourites what they could, and what they could not, do; it mellowed their crudeness; it developed their talents; it broadened their outlook, and to-day they come back to office, though not yet to power, a much more formidable (or capable—according to your outlook) body than they were five years ago. Even their opponents acknowledge their ability, and the country generally is in sympathy with the bulk of their programme.

Are we to assume, therefore, that the country has actually become Socialist? This is a question which needs a careful examination and a clear answer: but, as yet, it has received

neither from the popular press. Socialism in its full connotation stands for the omni-competent State, the possession by the community as a whole of all the means of production, manufacture and exchange, the consequent over-riding of many primary rights, both individual and family, by the supposed interests of the State, the relegation of religion, and all that is based on it, to individual care and concern. The system may be best studied in Russia where, although the State has proved incapable of managing industry, it still claims to be supreme in all departments, and is now actively persecuting religion as an inconvenient rival.¹ It may be safely said that there are few Socialists of that type in this country.² The Labour Party has got rid of its Communist fringe and, although its leaders have in the past expressed a general approval of the Russian revolution, they have no connection with the Soviets now. It was the overthrow of Tzardom rather than the rise of a more atrocious tyranny in its place that they welcomed in the first instance, and their attitude since as a party has been one of more and more aloofness. The Soviet greetings of the new Labour Government is proof enough of that. One by one the leaders are held up to derision in the Russian Press as betrayers of the Socialist cause.³ That they can indulge in such abuse, in spite of their real desire to resume diplomatic relations with Great Britain, is a sign that they recognize the gulf which exists between British and Russian Socialism.

Accordingly, to label the Government "Socialist" *sans phrase* seems to us not merely false in fact but also mistaken in policy. There is not a single responsible member of the Party, we believe, who would not answer satisfactorily to the usual test questions by which the genuine anti-Christian Socialism is unmasked: "Do you deny the right of private

¹ In this connection we may note that many who are genuinely shocked at the operations of the "Anti-God" Society under the Soviets should reflect that many of our prominent writers—Wells, B. Russell, Bennett, Shaw—are in principle as Anti-God as the fanatical Russians, and we have even a (happily impotent) Anti-God Society in our midst, called the Rationalist Press Association.

² We are aware of the small but lively group of a score or so, headed by Mr. Maxton, who represent the Independent Labour Party and who profess to be full-blooded Socialists. They are not numerous enough to give much trouble in the new Parliament where their ultra views will only enhance the moderation of the rest.

³ The *Manchester Guardian* has collected some specimens of Soviet criticism of the Labour Party. They are "Social-traitors." Mr. MacDonald is "The King's lackey," "a philistine," a "hypocrite," Mr. Thomas is an "arch-traitor." Mr. Lansbury, who has been more foolish than the rest in upholding the Russians, is a "Parliamentary purveyor of left-wing Radical phrases," and so on.

ownership, the rights of the individual and the family as against the State, the rights of organized religion?" and so forth. Most of the Labour Cabinet are earnest Nonconformists, whilst three are High Churchmen. When the party papers, therefore, as they foolishly do, endeavour to attach the stigma of continental Socialism to the Labour Party they not only encourage them to act as ultra-Socialists but they constructively proclaim that some eight or nine million of the British electorate see no harm in those extreme doctrines. They are doing their best to familiarize the public with the notion that it is being ruled by Socialists and yet nothing untoward is happening. In their blind partizan rancour they are actually spreading and consolidating what they profess to detest. Moreover they are maligning those millions of good Christians, Catholics and others, who support Labour, by implying that they too are tainted by the false ethics and foolish economics of the Marxians.

It may be urged that Labour leaders often describe themselves as Socialists and that, in their official programme, there are economic proposals which could not be realized without violation of Christian ethics. That cannot be denied. Owing to the indeterminate meaning of the term, Socialism may be predicated of a great variety of views which are not un-Christian; moreover the bearing of economic theories on ethics is often not perceptible till an attempt has been made to apply them. Still we hold that it is unfortunate that prominent Labour leaders accept the label Socialist because they thus give their enemies, unnecessarily, a specious argument against them and do an injustice to their own followers, who support them as leaders of the Labour Party, not as Socialists in the strict sense. This is not our own impression merely. A far more weighty pronouncement to the same effect was uttered some years ago by Cardinal Bourne and we commented on it at the time (Feb. 1925) in the following terms :—

We are glad that Cardinal Bourne has lent the weight of his conviction to the condemnation often expressed in these pages of the habit, common amongst journalists and the thoughtless, of identifying Socialism with the Labour Party. The leaders of that Party are largely to blame for the practice. Some of them certainly are Socialists in the strict sense, though others profess a mitigated form of the doctrine which is consistent with

Christian principles. Again, the Independent Labour Party is avowedly Socialistic, but it is distinct from the Labour Party proper, and its essential Socialism makes the distinction. So it is unfair to label members of the Labour Party Socialists without discrimination: it is one of those fraudulent tricks that disfigure and disgrace our party politics. And if they were wise the Labour Party would keep on repudiating the label, for labels in many cases serve to relieve voters of the burden of thinking.

We cannot trace the exact words of his Eminence herein referred to but more recently he expressed himself in much the same terms. His words on this later occasion, spoken at the educational "rally" in London on January 15th last, as reported in the Catholic press of the 18th, put the matter so clearly that we are glad to reprint them. After insisting on the necessity of using the vote conscientiously, the Cardinal said to his Catholic audience (we have italicized some sentences):—

Most of you, naturally, sympathize with the Labour party. Therefore I will speak of two matters in which you have to be on your guard. When I spoke here four years ago I said quite publicly that so far as I was aware there was no reason why a Catholic should not belong to any one of the three parties. *In connection with that, let me once more deplore, in your presence, the fatal mistake which is being made by the Labour party of allowing the epithet "Socialist" to be attached to it. It is a fatal thing. I have said it to some of the leaders.* Unfortunately, in England we use terms with very little reference to their real meaning. When a man in this country says he is a Socialist *he very rarely means it in the sense of Continental Socialism.*

Were the Labour Party Socialist in the Continental sense, no Catholic could join the party. Then you must be very careful never to allow yourselves to be associated with two false principles put forward by the Socialists, one of which is the denial of the right to own private property. Secondly, set your faces like flint and steel against class warfare. Class warfare is forbidden by Our Lord Himself. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" is a command against class warfare.

It is probably too late for certain Labour leaders to succeed

in getting out of the habit of calling themselves Socialists, and the party papers will never acquire common sense enough to disuse the term, but Catholics belonging to the Labour Party should let no opportunity pass of dissociating themselves from the epithet and its evil connotation, if only in the interests of clear thinking. When we find men like Mr. Lloyd George adding together the suffrages of Liberal and Tory and declaring the result to be the country's vote "against Socialism," we see how very far we are from accurate thought.

The press since the election has been full of letters from members of the defeated parties, engaged mostly in the congenial task of shooting their generals, but every now and then there comes a frenzied protest against the "Socialists" camouflaging themselves behind the innocent word, Labour, and having won their victory by that clever device! It becomes necessary therefore to revert to our original question and discuss whether England is not already Socialist, almost without knowing it. On the advent to power in 1924, of Mr. Baldwin's government, with the support of two-thirds of the membership of the Commons, and practically all the other House—a position of unexampled authority—he was urged by many, including this periodical,¹ to put an end once for all to those grievances, social and industrial, on which revolutionary Socialism flourishes. The Premier was full of the best intentions; he acknowledged that he had received a mandate to show that Capitalism could be worked without injustice and to the common benefit; he owned also, very honestly, that his supporters came from all parties, a reason for the avoidance of purely party legislation. But, as events have shown, he lacked some quality necessary for success, and in spite of all his political power, he did not remove those crying evils—bad housing, unemployment, exorbitant prices—which still afflict such multitudes. Moreover, much of what he did and what he projected was actually in the direction of Socialism. Here are instances.

Since Socialism means the assumption by the State of many of the functions of the individual, increase of State intervention necessarily means the growth of Socialism. We are not denying that, in abnormal circumstances, State intervention may be justified or demanded. In pursuance of the common good, the State may have to provide against accidental evils, such as unemployment and poverty. But the

¹ See "A Chance to cure Socialism," *THE MONTH*, December, 1924.

object of State intervention is to put an end to abnormalities and to enable the individual to use his rights and fulfil his duties without outside help. In education we have the most obvious example of what was at first a necessary intrusion, now pushed beyond due bounds in time and character. Because owing to iniquitous industrial conditions the bulk of British citizens had become "wage-slaves," the State had to take from the necessitous parents the task of educating their children. But it ignored the parents' right to have the children educated in their own conscientious beliefs. Although latterly Catholic insistence on the matter has obtained some degree of recognition of this elementary right, four years of Conservative domination passed away without anything being done to establish it by legislation. Education is only one point: there are a dozen others in which family duties have been taken over by the community, because families are too poor, have too little property of their own, to discharge them. The great majority of the population in this Capitalistic State has sunk into a quasi-eleemosynary condition, dependent for livelihood, education, etc., on the alms of the rest of the community. Let those who scream in the press against "Socialism," consider the following record of the extent of "Public Assistance" brought into being by all parties, which was published in the *Saturday Review*, June 10, 1923, and which gives point to the view that, in essence, unchecked Capitalism is a long step towards Socialism. To-day, the figures under each head would have to be greatly increased, owing to the growth of population and owing also, not a little, to the legislation of the late Conservative government.

1. One-fifth of the national income is expended on State benevolence.
2. Five hundred million pounds annually go in services supplementing wages, and in bureaucratic charges.
3. Half this year's Budget (1923) is earmarked for the support of the enslaved class.
4. One million get Old Age Pensions.¹
5. Thirteen and a half million are insured against sickness and unemployment.
6. Civil and military pensions amount to three million pounds.

¹ Add another half-million, under the Widows' and Orphans' Act, 1925.

7. State-aided housing cost half a million pounds.
8. Seven million children are educated free.

All this may be justified in the circumstances. Pending the attainment of the ideal—a community wherein the family would be self-supporting and have wealth enough to discharge all its duties, subject to the general supervision of the State in the common interest—Society manifestly cannot allow a large proportion of its members to starve or to grow up ignorant and uncultivated. But there are few who envisage the ideal. Our statesmen do not look beyond the immediate facts, and confine themselves to doctoring symptoms, instead of looking to the seat of the disease. Both Socialism and Capitalism oppose any real diagnosis. In the summer of 1923 there was a prolonged discussion in the Commons on the ideal basis of Society between representatives of those two systems. But none of the able debaters got to the roots of the matter. None rested his arguments on the essential worth and dignity of human nature, and the indefeasible rights of the individual, drawn from his origin and destiny. Both considered the "wage slave" as normal and had no conception of a free, property-owning community. Beyond the idea of a working-class, secure against unemployment and adequately paid, neither party could travel, so indelible is the impress of a century of industrialism.

The late Government, professedly anti-Socialistic, did nothing for the better distribution of wealth and, as we have noted, rather added to the socialized aspect of the community, by its much-needed Widows' and Orphans' Contributory Pensions Act of 1925 and by its establishment of universal Adult Suffrage. It did not abolish slums, in town or country, although bad housing is at the root of a host of social disorders. It did nothing to demonstrate that unemployment is not a necessary feature of the Capitalist system. It left the proletariat as it found it. It is not our business to distribute blame, but we are allowed to state facts. We are still "socialized" and we shall become more so, until some means are found of multiplying ownership and of controlling the operations of trust, rings and monopolies, and all varieties of usury and profiteering: of re-establishing home life and humane living, of securing real religious and moral education for the young.

We have spoken of what the late government did: a glance at what it projected in the last-named department will show

that it was prepared to go further in the interests of democratic equality than the most radical government of the past. A manifesto issued by the Conservatives on the eve of the election actually proposed to abolish class distinctions in education and to introduce what would ultimately become something like the American system of a single graduated scheme for all children alike. The paper has been lost sight of in the after-election confusion and we have seen no comment on it, but it surely deserves to be remembered. Mr. Baldwin himself wrote an introduction for it, wherein he said, "When the present Administration took office, it was satisfied that the interests of social unity demanded the removal of this source of class prejudice [*i.e.*, the division of schools according to the social standing and means of the children] and that the national structure of education should be drastically remodelled to form one coherent whole." On the lines of that revolutionary idea, the pamphlet goes on to point out how the government's educational policy has been to abolish class divisions based on social prejudice—"distinctions perpetuated by the horizontal stratification of our schools." It therefore has aimed at doing away with the "elementary" system in the sense that schools of that type will henceforth be regarded as preparatory, and every child after eleven will be given education on "secondary" lines.

Now, we are far from questioning the desirability of giving opportunity for real culture to all children, for nothing makes for the undue dominance of class over class in our social structure so much as inequality of training of mind and manners. But the idea of the State undertaking the higher education of all might have come straight from the pages of "Labour and the Nation." It may, indeed, be found, somewhat elaborated, on page 36 of that enlightening document, headed "Abolish Class Distinctions in Education." Those who look for "Socialism in our Time" may not be, after all, so very Utopian, since the Tories are thus found stealing the clothes of Labour. Our point is that the State is thus charging itself, not only with the essentials of intelligent citizenship—the three R's and their concomitants—but with the free provision of higher culture for all, which is essentially a Socialist conception. There is no trace in this Conservative pamphlet that the teacher is not primarily a State-official, but stands essentially *in loco parentis*, with the obligation of heeding the parents' just requirements. We had thought a

fact of this significance would have been worth mentioning, for on it rests the necessity of seeing that teachers are properly qualified to give denominational religious training or, in other words, of seeing that schools suited to the various denominations are available for each. But no! As far as words go, the Conservative ideal of education coincides with that set forth by Labour. To whom, then, we may ask, are we henceforth to look for security against the vagaries of Socialism? As we understand it, Catholic teaching goes to show that, in modern practice, the real antithesis to Socialism is not the policy of Liberals or Tories but what neither party advocate—the multiplication of small ownerships, the “Distributive State.”

We have no fears for the immediate future: we have, indeed, many hopes. The Labour Government is not going to provoke avoidable hostility. It has a vast field for useful legislation without violating Christian ethics, and we fancy it will be wise enough to confine itself to it. Socialist is as socialist does: let us examine their measures on their own merits and give them credit for having the good of the country at heart. Above all, let us avoid a loose and partizan application of the ill-sounding word, Socialist, to every attempt they make at social betterment, remembering the astounding “socialistic” departures of those models of economic orthodoxy, the late Ministers. The Catholic has one fixed standard by which to test social legislation, and he has yet to find a party which does not sometimes fail to pass it. The economic and political thought of this country has long been out of touch with Christian principles: it may be that the generous humanitarian impulses of the new government will recover points of contact.

JOSEPH KEATING.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. IGNATIUS.¹

ON the whole, St. Ignatius has not been unfortunate in his biographers, and there is no lack of books for anyone who would read about the founder of the Society of Jesus. Yet we tire sometimes of reading *about* the saints. It is the fire that warms, not the treatise on heat. Can we get a little closer than a biographer, however sympathetic, will take us? There are the "Spiritual Exercises," the "Constitutions," and the "Letters"; we can study these until the mind of the saint becomes familiar. But for many people this would involve books that are not accessible and more time than they can spare. Besides these, there is the little book in which we come nearer to St. Ignatius than perhaps anywhere else, except in prayer,—the Autobiography taken down from the saint's words by Father Gonzalez de Camara. Of this Père Thibaut writes: "If you are looking for a Life of St. Ignatius that is literary and detailed, others have written it . . . but if you want to surprise St. Ignatius himself in the freedom of his private conversations with his confidant . . . if you want *that and nothing but that* . . . take it and read . . . or, better still, draw near and listen."²

The way in which the Autobiography came to be written is interesting. St. Ignatius's life's work was almost finished: the approval of the Holy See had been given to the Exercises and to the Society of Jesus, and the Constitutions were being promulgated. Some two years before this he had been urged to leave his Company an account of his life. Masses had been said with this intention, and he had promised that he would do what the Fathers wished; yet nothing had been done. On the 4th of August, 1553, he told Father Gonzalez and Father Polanco, who were with him, that he had decided to "relate all that had happened in his soul down to that time."³ On the next day Father Gonzalez asked him when he would start and was told to remind him frequently of it. In September, St. Ignatius began relating the story of his life, and they got as far as the first part of his stay at Manresa. Then the work stopped, and

¹ The Autobiography has been translated into English as "The Testament of St. Ignatius." I have used neither the English version nor the original, but "Le Récit du Pèlerin," a French version by Père Eugène Thibaut. I translate from the second edition (Museum Lessianum, 1924).

² "Récit," Introduction, p. 7.

³ "Récit," Preface of Father Gonzalez, p. 20.

until October 1554 there was always some reason—now illness, now business—why it should not be resumed. Father Gonzalez says rather pathetically: "Our Father continually found excuses in various indispositions and different business that came up, and he used to say, 'Remind me when I have finished this matter.' And when it was finished, I reminded him, and then he would reply, 'Now we have other business on hand; remind me when that is finished.'"¹ Then Father Jerome Nadal returned to Rome, and he urged Father Gonzalez to press the Saint, and himself pressed him, to go on with the narrative. He would do so, he said, when the endowment of the Roman College was settled; and then again, after the mission to Ethiopia had been arranged. On March 9th he actually did make a new beginning; but the Pope, Julius III., died on the 23rd and St. Ignatius would not go on until the new pope was elected. Unfortunately Marcellus II. only reigned a few days before he too died, and Father Gonzalez found himself driven to fresh exercise of patience by new delays caused, first by the election of Paul IV., and then by great heat and pressure of business. In September he found that he himself might have to leave Rome, and he says, "I strongly urged Our Father to keep the promise he had made."² This time he was successful. On September 22nd, 1555, St. Ignatius resumed his story and Father Gonzalez was able to give the Autobiography to the world.

No doubt the reasons for these repeated delays were good: the Saint was always busy and in bad health; the matters with which he was occupied were important. But he was clearly not eager to give his reminiscences, and I cannot think that he considered these conversations with Father Gonzalez of great importance. If he had, he would have made time for them as he had to make time for much else. The three great desires of his life had been fulfilled,³ and he apparently did not expect to live long; yet we see no trace of anxiety lest death should overtake him with his tale but half told. We cannot, I think, escape the impression that he did not feel that the thing mattered very much, and indeed Father Gonzalez seems to have shared this impression, for, as we have seen, he roundly calls the reasons "excuses." The "*calamus scribae velociter scribentis*" received little encouragement from St. Ignatius when it was his own life that it would be busy to write.

Now this has left its mark on the whole narrative. This is no traveller writing up his adventures or lecturing to a society, with carefully weighed periods and skilful arrangement of lights and shadows. It is more like the quiet man by the fireside who will not talk. He is not shy, and he is quite willing to tell us

¹ "Récit," Preface of Father Gonzalez, p. 22.

² "Récit," Preface of Father Gonzalez, p. 24.

³ "Récit," Preface of Father Nadal, p. 27.

what we want to know, especially if there is any good purpose to be served; but he does not particularly want to talk about himself and he hates making a fuss. We try to draw him on, we question him, and we get his story. It is a masterpiece of understatement and restraint. He speaks of doing things that we should not dare to dream, and that in such a way that we need some imagination to realize that they are at all unusual. He speaks of himself as if he were somebody else,—except that he would do another man more justice. He does not write up his story, or expand, or lecture. We are stirred as perhaps no lecturer would ever stir us. This is, to me, the quality of the Autobiography, and it is, I venture to think, a closer parallel than M. Bremond's "*La déposition d'un témoin rustique, harcelé par les avocats*,"¹ which supposes, surely, a very unusual "*témoin rustique*"! There are many passages in the book that I might quote in illustration, but one must suffice. "He set out, [it is all in the third person], then from Ferrara for Genoa. On the way he met with some Spanish soldiers who looked after him for the night; and they were very astonished at his making that journey, for he would have to go through the middle, so to say, of the French and Imperial armies; and they begged him to leave the high road and take a safer that they showed him. He did not follow their advice, but went straight on his way and came to a burnt and ruined village, so that until night he found no one to give him food. But at sunset he came to a fortified village, and the sentries at once seized him, taking him for a spy, and they led him to a little hut near the gate and began to examine him, as you always do when you are on your guard; and to all questions he answered that he knew nothing. And they stripped him of his clothes and searched even his shoes, and examined him all over to see if he were not carrying some message. As they could in no way find out anything, they bound him to lead him to the captain, for he would know well enough how to make him talk. And he asked them to take him covered at least with his cape, but they refused and took him along with only the trunk-hose and doublet already mentioned. During this march the pilgrim saw as it were in mind Christ being led away, although this was not a vision like the others. And he was led through three main roads and he went without the least sadness, but rather with joy and content" (V. 52).

This is far more in the manner of an English soldier who is asked about his adventures in the war—only the Englishman would not mention the supernatural; but then the supernatural was not the unusual to the Saint, and he moved as easily in that world as in the physical, and as naturally. This unassuming quality is very characteristic of the Autobiography and it is

¹ *La Vie Spirituelle*, April, 1929. Supplement, p. 9.

proof enough that we have the words of St. Ignatius himself. Father Gonzalez is at pains to assure us of this, but we really need no assurance. It is impossible to think that he could have composed the story as we have it. Once or twice we may think we see his wording, but in general only the Saint himself would have given us so unemotional a narrative, and the admiration of a disciple would certainly have written in a different key. We have only to open St. Augustine's "Confessions" to get the full flavour of the Autobiography. When St. Augustine looks back, his heart is wrung by the remembrance of the agonies through which he passed. A few words are enough: "O crooked ways of mine! Woe be to my audacious soul, which hoped that, had it forsaken Thee, it might find something else which was better. Though it turn and toss, upon the back and side and breast, it hath found all things hard; and that Thou alone art Rest."¹ Contrast with this what St. Ignatius says of the "turning and tossing": "He read in it (*Vita Christi*) often, and conceived a certain attraction for what was related in it. Sometimes he broke off his reading to think over what he had read, sometimes to return to the worldly things that used habitually to occupy his thoughts. Amongst the numerous subjects of vanity that came into his mind there was one that at once so dominated and filled his heart that he would dream of it for two, three, and four hours without noticing time. . . . Yet Our Lord came to his help and granted that these thoughts might be followed by others born of his recent reading" (I. 6).

No, if you come to the Autobiography hoping to find Ignatius the General doing for Ignatius the penitent what Augustine the Bishop did for Augustine the sinner, you will be disappointed. Star differeth from star, and Ignatius was not Augustine. And if you look in the Autobiography for "literature," you may again be disappointed; unless you can value a narrative plain and unadorned, and find beauty in sheer direct simplicity. After all, there are certain advantages in it. It is really difficult for any man to feel as he felt thirty years ago; he has changed so much. He remembers what happened, but the man to whom, in whom, it happened, he no longer knows. He sees more of the picture, no doubt; "youth sees but half." Yet that half vision is youth's vision and it is hard for age to recapture it; and much of the charm of books about youth comes from just this, that the experiences of youth are given the values that age, not youth, would give them. There is the danger of the subjective method. We see the young Augustine, but as the Bishop saw him. There have even been suspicions that we do not see him quite as he was. Thus Louis Bertrand writes: "His vehemence has led some people to distrust, even so far as to dispute the historical value

¹ "Confessions," vi. 16.

of the "Confessions." They point out that when the Bishop of Hippo wrote them his feelings and ideas had changed. He did not see the events of his youth with the same eye. . . . He was trying to discover the origins and follow the consequences of the smallest of his actions. . . . But his judgment, however severe it may be, does not grasp the reality of the actual fact."¹ Whether this be true or not, the doubt does not come when we read the Autobiography. Not only is there no vehemence, but its objectivity is astonishing; a word of appraisal here and there, and that is all. "And on the way a thing happened that it will be good to relate in order that you may understand how Our Lord was dealing with that soul, still so blind, although with great desires to serve Him wherever it might know His will" (II. 14). Not that he cannot judge—St. Ignatius was not the man to be easy with himself—but that he has made it his business here to tell us simply what befell. This is true not only when he is dealing with external events, but when he has to touch the interior life. He relates the perils of the soul with the same simplicity. A good example of this is the account of his temptation to scrupulosity. His scruples had so tortured him that even death became a temptation, and he resolved to fast completely until he found relief, or, as he adds with his usual good sense, "unless he should be like to die if he did not take something." "His confessor ordered him to break his fast, and although he felt quite strong yet he obeyed, and that day and the next he was free from scruples. But on the third day, which was Tuesday, during his prayer, he began to recall his sins; and, one thing leading to another, he went from the remembrance of one past sin to another, and it seemed to him that he was bound to confess them over again" (III. 25). Is this, we ask, a man describing his own experience? Or rather, we might ask, were it not for the revealing words that show how sharp remembrance was. For here there is no question of phrases like "one day" or "another time." The man of sixty-two, so free from self-pity, can say after thirty years, "which was Tuesday."

On Ignatius the divine alchemy has been at work, as it worked on Augustine. It has changed the soldier into the penitent, the penitent into the student, the student into the General, and through it all has formed the saint. The neophyte whose idea of the spiritual life was: "St. Dominic did that, then I too should do it; St. Francis did this, well, then, I will do it too" (I. 7), has become the author of the "Constitutions." Manresa is thirty years in the past. Yet this "amazing document . . . brings to life again before our eyes not the old founder of the Company, nor the student at the Sorbonne, but the far more distant phantom that we had lost all hope of touching with our

¹ "Saint Augustin," vi., pp. 78, 79.

hands or hearing with our ears, the very author of the old manuscript book, the Ignatius of 1522, in a word, the convert, the man of Manresa."¹ And, of course, the Ignatius of 1555 as well, and of the years between. If this is what a reading of the Autobiography will do for us, it is an experience that would not seem to need recommendation.

A. E. H. SWINSTEAD.

A JESUIT IN PENAL TIMES.

Father Nicholas Blundell.

FATHER Nicholas Blundell, S.J., was the eldest son of William Blundell of Crosby. His grandfather was born in prison to which his parents were committed in Queen Elizabeth's reign on account of their faith.

In his early childhood Nicholas, born in 1640, with his little brothers and sisters, was hurried in his mother's company from place to place while Lancashire was ravaged by the fighting of Cavaliers and Roundheads.

When peace was restored to the country by the triumph of Cromwell, it was not restored to Catholic homes. Again and again the Blundell children saw their father carried away to prison—"for his conscience" as he told them. Often after nightfall the little boy must have carried food up to Father Walton, S.J., hidden in the tiny square chamber behind the tapestry—the priest's hiding hole—at Crosby Hall. In such experiences, no doubt, the seed of his vocation was sown.

Nicholas was sent in due course to the college of St. Omers in Flanders, where he had many kinsmen among the English Jesuits, all pursuing their studies or their priestly avocations under assumed names. They sought thus to baffle the informers who kept watch on their comings and goings, and to escape the fine of £100 demanded by the English government of every student returning to England from a Catholic college abroad. His father, who kept copies of his own letters, wrote to Nicholas's cousins at St. Omers, who were also his masters, expressing satisfaction at his son's progress in his studies. One of these, addressed to William Selby when he entered the novitiate S.J., reveals his attitude of mind, and shows that he was not likely to oppose his own son's vocation, when the time came for him to embrace it. He writes:

My dear Will,

I rejoice exceedingly to hear of your happy retirement, and I pray God give you grace to preserve it. Nephew, I thank

¹ M. Henri Bremond, "Saint Ignace et les Exercices." *La Vie Spirituelle*, April, 1929. Supplement, p. 10.

you very kindly for the great care you have had of my son Nick. Whilst he useth half of the diligence you speak of, I shall receive satisfaction enough. But I hold you too long, and therefore cannot look for such pardons as you granted my tedious impertinences whilst you were gathering flowers upon the Muses' Mountain. [*i.e.*, while he was pursuing his education as an ordinary scholar]. You have exchanged that for Calvary, your bays for thorns, your pulpit for a cross, and the rough ungrateful numbers of a *Qui Sequitur Me* are become the harmonies of the spheres to your panting soul. It will now become me better to stand like those afar off silent, and knock my breast. Or, if they might assist you in the least, you should always be sure of the prayers and blessing (such as they are) of

Your loving Godfather, Uncle and Friend,
W. Blundell.

There is no record that Father Nicholas Blundell, who entered the Society in 1662, returned from the continent to Crosby until the summer of 1678 more than, probably, twenty years after he left it as a boy. It is good to know from his father's letters that he then spent a happy six weeks in the old home of many vicissitudes, for he was never to see it again. The palm of martyrdom was not destined for him, but when he left Crosby the first mutterings of the last great storm of persecution that was to assail the Catholic Church in England, were already making themselves heard.

Titus Oates was hard at work distorting and inventing the material for his false indictment of the whole Catholic community, when William Blundell wrote to his son's Superior in religion, Father Thomas Whitbread, upon Nicholas's departure from Crosby:

I can only present you an acknowledgment of the acceptable favour you have done us by sending a very good son to his loving and dear parents after an absence of many years. He hath left a good impression among all his friends here, and being now returned to yours, I do offer him up to the service for which you shall judge him fit. . . .

The letter is dated September 8, 1678. On the twentieth of the same month, the venerable Thomas Whitbread was accused of high treason by Titus Oates, and a few days later he was committed to Newgate.

We do not know where Father Blundell passed the ensuing winter, but he was present at the trial and martyrdom of Father Whitbread and his four Jesuit companions, and ministered to them in prison. He may have accompanied the St. Omers boys

who were brought to England to rebut the false evidence of Oates.

Three days after their execution he was himself arrested, on June 23, 1679. Titus Oates had mentioned him as one of the conspirators in his false indictment, but evidently nothing could be proved against him. Probably he received sentence of banishment with so many others, for we know that he died at St. Omers the following year, at the age of forty. He has left a graphic account of the trial and martyrdom of the five Jesuits, which is used in Foley's description of the episode¹ and serves more eloquently than a formal document to stigmatize the barbarous injustice of the English persecutors.

M. BLUNDELL.

A NEGLECTED HERITAGE.

A REVIEW of two new books on the Old Testament for children has left the reviewer much depressed. We possess in the Scriptures the most vivid and educative stories in the world, translated into the most virile English ever written, and in place of this literature we offer our youth emasculated narrative with all the verve and rhythm lost, and we expect them to love the word of God in this peptonized form.

To have been brought up as an old-fashioned Protestant was, in some respects, not without its gain. You went to "high wicked man at eleven," Sunday by Sunday, because it was the proper thing to do. You never debated whether you *wanted* to go or not; you went in the same spirit in which a Catholic goes to Mass. It was, to the best of your knowledge, the service which God expected of you. Usually you went to Evening Service also. It was the Lord's Day. You were feeling after God if haply you might find Him, and you had your reward. Apart from the coming gift of Faith, you had your reward in what you were gaining at the time. Glorious cadential prose, from early childhood, sounded in your ears, a sense of majesty and beauty and awe filled you. No suspicion of the "cruelty" of the God of the Old Testament ever touched you. It is rather the Fatherhood of God, His tenderness, justice, forgiveness, that glow from the pages of the Hebrew scriptures and appeal directly to a child's mind. The child has no questionings about summary punishments; he recognizes them as merciful and just. In the play "Young Woodley," the sentimental house-master's wife hopes that the prefect does not beat his fag; could he not give him lines or detention instead? "He'd rather be beaten," says the prefect. The Old Testament recounts God's dealings with the race in its childhood and it presents no moral difficulties to other children.

¹ "Records," Vol. V., pp. 44 sqq.

To go through life unfamiliar with the Old Testament is to miss a cultural background of infinite religious and literary value. It is noticeable that mediæval devotional literature assumed great familiarity with the Scriptures in its readers. The thirteenth century *Ancren Riwle* is full of allusions to Old Testament characters. Open it at random and you will find such injunctions as: "Wherefore, my dear sisters, be ye not Shimei, but be Esther the hidden"; "David compareth the anchoress to the pelican, which leads a solitary life"; "Solomon eveneth a back-biter to a stinging serpent"; if the anchoress "lead an austere life . . . then is she Judith, who slew Holofernes."

The fourteenth century *Piers Plowman*, written for the man in the street, says casually:

"Whoso readeth Kings may read of Meed.
She brought Absalom to hang on a tree,
And since King Saul saved a king for Meed
Against God's orders; God took such vengeance
That Saul for sin and his sons died."

And so forth, for some lines, assuming the history to be familiar.

Many a Catholic and many a present-day Protestant have little or no knowledge of this great literature. The point of an allusion would not be seen. Their minds cannot echo the organ sounds of the lovely, sonorous language, and, a far graver loss, they know little or nothing of that "Gospel Preparation" which gives its full meaning to Christianity. They cannot justify the ways of God to man.

The world to-day is full of problems which tax the thinking, studious mind. Even if, having faith enough for your own needs, you are undisturbed and ready to believe without fully understanding, what about the puzzled seekers whom you meet in daily life, and who need and may demand your help?

At any moment, you may have flung at you—by your own mind or the questions of others—the problems of poverty and wealth, of faith and atheism, of lust and cruelty side by side with heroism, of the rise and fall of civilizations, of the unsatisfied heart of man, lord of the world. Secular history, philosophy and psychology, appealed to, may yield some sort of explanation, each after its kind. But we possess a collection of books, embracing all these three illuminating sciences, in Holy Writ, and bearing the Imprimatur of God Himself. Therein man is shown in his true relationship to God and to his fellow-men, to time and to eternity. You see history in its true perspective and men depicted as they actually are with no bias in the narrative, a hero like Abraham turning coward, a cad like Jacob becoming a saint. It is the best treatise of psychology ever written, and an infallible touchstone for verifying new classifications and theories.

You are shown human nature from God's point of view : its reaction to divine grace, accepted or rejected. The trappings fall away. Men and women of every station of life speak and act in furtherance of, or in opposition to, a Plan which is divine. You are taken behind the scenes and shown what stupendous results occur from some simple act of an apparently insignificant person. There are no Cinderella effects in these vivid narratives, and nothing in the least like the legends and hero-stories and myths of other ancient literatures. Each person is true to type, with the inconsequences and weaknesses and heroisms of a real being, such as few novelists are competent to draw. It gradually dawns upon you that no one is *per se* greater or less than another, that the accidents of station or birth are in truth mere accidents ; for the outstanding characters who sway destinies with a word, whose acts are clearly of such consequence to high Heaven, are not generally the great and wise, but a varied group of shepherds, rustics, kings, housewives, slaves, prophets and women of the streets.

Moreover, these old-time people think exactly the same thoughts as we ourselves know, have the same hopes, loves, fears, doubts, temptations, despairs, hungerings. These very ordinary human lives are the instruments of divine Providence, whereby the fallen race, with many a further lapse, is gradually raised from weakness to strength by virtue of its innate longing for God. Without entirely comprehending, we yet see the broad lines of human development and how God prepared the way for the full revelation of Himself in the Incarnation and the Catholic Church, how He never left Himself without witness in all the turmoil of the ancient world, even as He is still manifest in the worse confusion of to-day.

Are we making the best of our heritage? How many Catholics study the Scriptures with maps and a good commentary, in order to get the full flavour of them? Youth is especially the time to store the mind with vivid stories and lovely phrases. Our Catholic children do not hear the Old Testament regularly read aloud as Protestant children did once,—we say "once," for there is no holding power in the academical office which is Anglican Morning and Evening Prayer. It was one thing to attend regularly when duty to God was still a thing to be taken into account, but we are told by those who should know, few of the young, nominal Church-of-England folk to-day recognize any such duty in church going. "Why should I go in the holidays when I hate going?" hotly demanded a sixteen-year-old girl from an excellent Anglican public school—an outburst sometimes to be paralleled, alas ! with still less appreciation of goodness and truth, by Catholic children "out of school."

Why should not our Catholic children have this lovely and valuable addition to their full Catholic life? We should like the

catechism taught with copious illustration from the Old Testament, which the Fathers of the Church always used to illustrate the New; we should like them to hear the most beautiful passages beautifully read, so that the rhythm lingers in the mind, and we should like, as an able religious teacher has recently suggested, a collection of those passages, to be separately printed for the use of schools, so that not only the historical value, but also the literary grandeur of the Bible should be appreciated.¹

Meanwhile small books of Old Testament lessons are produced year by year and each leaves us no richer than before. They are narratives of facts, quite useful for learning a string of events in order to pass exams., but there is no material here to fill a child's mind and develop his character and explain God's ways with men and illustrate the preparation of the world for the Catholic Church. Facts, to be living ideas, need clothing. Dry bones cannot live. They need the exquisite language and delicate character drawing and illuminative phrasing of the Bible, or else copious illustration and explanation and colourful detail. To write a Bible story in other than Bible words, you need twice or thrice as many to get an equally alive result. The modern children's book condenses, and the result is something so flat and uninteresting that such stories, by themselves and with no elaboration by the teacher, can make very little impression on a child's mind.

J. F. SMITH.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Election Anomalies.

As a machine for giving effect to the wishes of the majority of the electorate, the British voting system has badly broken down. In 1924 it gave the Conservatives an immense precedence of more than 200 members over the other two parties, but a marked minority of votes—7,854,523 against 8,412,762. In the Coalition election of 1918 the non-Coalition body polled four votes for every five for the Coalition, yet secured only 222 seats as against 485. The result of the late contest told most unfairly against the Liberals, who received 5,300,947 votes and won only 58 seats, whilst Labour with 8,362,594 votes secured 289 seats, beating the Conservatives by 29, though supported by over 300,000 fewer votes. Every point of view reveals fresh anomalies. Each Labour member represents about 29,000 votes, each Conservative, about

¹ Something of the sort is now obtainable in Archbishop Goodier's "About the Old Testament," half of which consists of well-chosen extracts. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne.)

33,500; each Liberal, over 91,000. Members in about half the constituencies were elected by a minority vote; 120 being Labour, 150 being Conservative and 33 Liberal: those constituencies are, therefore, not adequately represented. The Liberals increased their poll, compared with 1924, by 80 per cent, yet gained only eleven more seats. Labour grew by 53 per cent, and 122 seats. The Conservatives had 11 per cent more votes and *lost* 136 seats! Finally, the majorities varied in different constituencies from four to 28,794! and 20 per cent of the electorate didn't vote; *i.e.*, one out of every five voters did not care who was in power!

Faults of the Three Party System.

Opponents of Proportional Representation argue that it tends to produce minority governments, coalitions and consequent instability. Are the results of the three-party system very different?

We have always held that in this country there is no real justification for more than two political groups, each in a sense complementary to the other. The Labour party has arisen because of the blindness of the traditional factions, who gave the worker political power but did not work for his economic interests. Bread and butter and a natural desire for the amenities of life, rather than the solid pages of "*Das Kapital*," have caused the steady and rapid growth of the Labour Party, in 29 years, from contesting 15 seats and gaining two (in 1900), with a total vote in its favour of 62,698, to contesting 570 seats in the present election with the result we know. There is nothing sound and feasible in the Labour programme which is against the principles of the older parties; whilst its economic extravagances are such as can never be reduced to practice without a resort to force unthinkable in this country. The Labour Party need not, we hold, have come into being, but now that it is here, it would seem to make Liberalism superfluous. It has shed its communism; let us recall the aphorism of Mr. Clynes: "Communism is no more the left wing of Labour than Atheism is of Christianity." Liberals, like the late Lord Haldane and the present Attorney General, pass easily from one camp to the other. It is not Liberals as such, but Liberals with money, that look askance at Labour as the coming power, for Labour is disposed to have less regard for "vested interests" than have its rivals. If there is any real danger of Labour, like the continental Socialism with which it is sometimes unwisely confused, attacking the rights of private ownership, of conscience, of the family, of the Christian Church, and becoming wholly a class division, permeation by Liberalism can most effectually avert that danger. The Labour Party must grow, the more rapidly the more it clears itself from the taint of un-Christian Socialism; the great majority of the voters belong to the working class, and, once the Labour Government has proved

itself, may put it in real and unassailable supremacy. It behoves the other classes to "be at peace with it," while there still is time, and that in the best possible way, *i.e.*, by doing away as much as possible with class division in politics, making party cleavage vertical once more, instead of horizontal.

**A real Victory
for
Labour.**

The victory of Labour is enhanced by the odds it had to face and overcome. It has practically no press, and such papers and magazines as support it, are rather a handicap than a help, being class conscious, secularist and doctrinaire. Against it are the combined papers of its rivals, backed by immense wealth and material resources and catering for the worker's entertainment far better than his own press can. Its funds are negligible compared with the Liberal war-chest and the wealth of the Conservatives. It has the handicap of popular association with the tragic mountebanks of Russia. Yet it managed to put a greater number of candidates into the field than the others did and, whilst winning 126 seats, only lost four. This makes its gain in votes all the more remarkable, although the element of chance was at work in this case as in the others. Leaving out the Ulster votes, it had a clear majority over the Conservatives in this country. If it is wise, it will take up the question of electoral reform, and adopt, at least in thickly populated areas, the system of Proportional Representation, recommended unanimously by the "Speaker's Conference," drawn from all parties, in 1917. Otherwise it will show itself no more concerned for true democracy than the Ulster government, which, having in the interests of Party ascendancy abolished P.R., won an inglorious victory in its own late elections. It is surely the negation of Parliamentary government when, out of 290,509 votes, the 147,101 cast for the Unionists won 18 members, whilst the Opposition with 143,408 votes got only eight! But we fear that only the Liberals, to whom P.R. would have given nearly a 100 more seats, will be seriously bent on electoral reform. The new Government will be too busy reforming other things. It will not, though it should, complain of a system, which gave it, with little more than half the votes, 17 out of the 18 seats in the county of Durham!

**Peace
Prospects under
Labour.**

The advent of the Labour Party to office has given a much-needed impulse to the cause of world-peace. Mr. MacDonald is just as eager as Mr. Hoover that the Kellogg Pact should be "clothed in action." The late Government, in spite of fervent protestations of their zeal in the matter, managed to create the impression of merely waiting on events. The laurels of Locarno speedily faded on Sir Austen's brow, and finally the sense of re-

action became so pronounced that Lord Cecil of Chelwood, no hasty or inexperienced politician, took frequent occasion to show, by word and action, that he doubted his Party's real will for peace. In this matter, so pressing is the need, inaction is almost as disastrous as hostility. We have no fear that the Labour administration will miss any opportunity of putting an end to the scandalous delay in the disarmament process, both by land and sea, and they will have behind them the support of the whole nation, except, of course, of those who find profit in war. It is in regard to this point that we trust that Mr. MacDonald will show his sense of the real crux of the situation. As long as vast resources of wealth, skill and material are actively and constantly engaged in producing munitions, which if not used lose in value or become obsolete, so long will a market be found or forced for those goods. Production, therefore, must be suppressed, or, at least, rigidly controlled, if we really wish to limit consumption. Occasionally, a politician remarks on the peril necessarily caused by private armament firms, which must pay dividends or go bankrupt, and in Article viii. of the L. of N. Covenant there is express recognition "that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections," but no sustained attention is given to this radical cause of warfare and no real effort made to regulate it. Now that no longer mere limitation of armaments, at a relatively high level, is under debate, but a drastic reduction, we may expect a combined and more active opposition, on the part of all who live by this equivocal traffic, to a course which, after all, is dictated by humanity, common sense and respect for the plighted word.

**No Time
to Lose in Naval
Reductions.**

The new American Ambassador lost no time in declaring his country's desire for naval reductions. His first act, after presenting his credentials, was to discuss the matter with the Premier, and his first speech, at the Pilgrims' dinner, was devoted to the same topic. Naturally, nothing but general statements were made; such, indeed, as have been made in abundance before; it is rather to the characters and records of the speakers themselves than to their utterances that we look for results. Hitherto, according to Mr. Wells, "a large part of our peace advocates have been marking time—with great enthusiasm and pride and dignity, I admit—but, marking time." In a few days, on June 28th, we shall be celebrating the tenth birthday of the League of Nations, which, for all its imperfections, has kept war from reviving in Europe for just those ten years. The catalogue of its exploits is long and impressive; the list of its failures is also striking; there has been too much "marking time," when time is very limited. So if General Dawes and Mr. MacDonald can *do* something, the

sooner the better. Great Britain and America are so situated that they can effect a great deal in the way of naval reduction without the need of winning the consent of others. Since mutual warfare is declared generally unthinkable by the leaders of both nations, it should not be thought of when reduction is considered. Each nation has only to compute what it would need for defence of its commerce in a world which did not contain the other. Or better still, each, in considering defence, can look upon the other as a partner in the matter, and arrange to police the seas by joint arrangement. All this talk about a new "yardstick," the better to secure "parity," seems unreal between two nations, the basis of whose policy is that they, whatever other nations do, will never be so mad as to try to settle disputes by war. We don't like the introduction of that yardstick; it will not, like the conductor's baton, conduce to harmony. How much simpler to say, "let us start by reducing our colossal and superfluous navies by half, and then consider how small we can make the remainder." At this point, it would be right and courteous to invite the co-operation of the other naval Powers, rendered now so much more secure by our very sensible gesture. For the modern world needs to be taught, preferably by example, that the way to security lies through the destruction of armaments.

**Obstacles
to
Peace.**

The advocate of Christian peace continues to be puzzled by the policy of France. On the one hand, she insists that trained and disciplined and fully equipped reserves, which will include in time the bulk of her manhood, should not be reckoned as effective forces; a proposition to which the late British representatives somewhat unwisely assented; on the other, she has signed, or is on the point of signing, the scheme for Universal Arbitration, known as the "General Act," which defines how States, bound to renounce war by the Kellogg Pact, are *de facto* to settle their disputes. Great Britain has fought shy of this obligation, as she has of the Optional Clause, which France signed long ago. Thus the latter seems—on paper—keen to close every avenue to war, whilst in fact stubbornly refusing to reduce her armed strength. Her European Allies too faithfully follow her example in the latter respect, so that the Continent is actually more grievously burdened with armaments than before the war. And this, in spite of the disarmament of Germany and her allies, in spite of Germany's inclusion in the League, in spite of the protection of the League itself, of Locarno, of the Paris Pact. France still clings for security to her armed might, although, by doing so, she is actually destroying the security derived from Germany's disarmament! For nothing can be plainer than the fact that, unless the former Allies disarm to the extent exemplified by the reduction they forced upon

Germany, the latter country will be justified, both morally and legally, in arming up to the standard they are now setting. And we do not see what is to prevent her. Nor do we see who is going to collect reparations for the space of two generations from a fully-armed Germany. The interests of future peace would seem to demand the resolute facing of the palpable facts; it is probable that the Liberals will be in full accord with the Government in dealing with them, for the summary of their foreign policy contemplates the strengthening of the machinery of the League of Nations for revision of the peace treaties by agreement.

**The Pope
and
Il Duce.**

We believe that Signor Mussolini, however he may have to speak on occasion, is incomparably more sensible and prudent than some of his thoughtless supporters, who claim for him exemption from all criticism—an unhealthy privilege for any statesman. He may possibly, therefore, think himself fortunate that, in a neighbouring State, if not in his own, there is one person who, not as Ruler of the State, but as Head of the Catholic Church, has the right, not to say the duty, to criticize, and if need be, to correct him. All Catholics must be heartily thankful that his Holiness the Pope has repeatedly asserted Catholic teaching on the relations of Church and State, and on the rights of parent and Church in the matter of education, in face of Il Duce's public misrepresentations of those doctrines. It is the Holy Father's duty to bear witness to the truth, at whatever risk to his own position and that of the Church in Italy. The Concordat, to gain which he sacrificed so much, does not represent the Church's ideal, but the best bargain that, without any compromise of principle, could be made in the circumstances. It is all the more necessary to preserve intact what has been so hardly won, and not to allow any recognized right to be afterwards filched away by misinterpretation. Moreover, the essential supremacy of the Church, as a perfect Society, in the spiritual sphere, is a truth independent of any Concordat, and the Premier's boast that, outside Vatican territory, the Church in Italy was subordinate to the State, but placed by favour of the State in a privileged position, is, as the Pope frankly calls it, an heretical statement. The Holy Father's letter to Cardinal Gasparri, containing these strictures and printed in *The Tablet* for June 22nd, deserves careful reading by Catholics, for the secular press misrepresents its character by speaking of "the Pope's resentment" and "rhetorical anger," as if his solemn condemnation of erroneous doctrine were dictated merely by bad temper. The Lateran Treaty and Concordat were ratified on June 7th and have gone into effect, but Il Duce has since repeated his offence by republishing, without emendation, his two speeches, whilst the Pope has made the

obvious rejoinder of reprinting his own condemnation of them, with a letter explaining the regrettable necessity. We believe Signor Mussolini to have a sufficient grasp of Catholic doctrine to know that in practice he must accept the papal version of it, or else see the seeds of division sprout again in his beloved Italy, to the serious weakening of the State. If the Church ever finds it necessary to condemn his idea of the Corporative State as infringing on essential human liberties, his grandiose aims will crumble into dust. He will, we doubt not, be wise enough in his own interests not to try "to eat the Pope."

Emancipation in Ireland.

From brief notices in the English papers we gather that the Emancipation Centenary celebrations, which occupied most of the week beginning June 16th and culminated in an open-air High Mass in the Phoenix Park on Sunday, June 23rd, were a magnificent demonstration of Irish Faith and Nationality. We must reserve notice of the occasion as a whole till another issue; meanwhile, we may doubt whether in any other country, except perhaps in Catholic Spain, could be witnessed such a *civic* recognition of the central mystery of Catholicism as was there displayed, when the President, the Leader of the Opposition, the Speaker and the Chairman of the Senate joined in carrying the canopy during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Catholicism is not, as in Italy and Spain, proclaimed the religion of the State in the Irish Constitution, but since some 93 per cent of the population is Catholic, that religion properly tends to dominate civil life. It has not always been so, nor is it perfectly so as yet. Anyhow it makes sufficiently absurd the claim voiced by the Protestant Primate at the recent annual synod of his Church, viz., that "the faith implanted by St. Patrick had passed to us down the ages unbroken, even at the Reformation, and that it is this faith, neither more nor less, that the Church stands for to-day."

The Settlement in Mexico.

The Church, a Kingdom not of this world, is dependent for the recognition of her rights on the faith and good will of the civil communities amongst which she exists and functions. Sometimes she meets with neither, as in Russia to-day, and then she lives as best she can, secure of immortality if not of well-being. Nowhere does she find perfect understanding and sympathy. But she is grateful for any flicker of good will and is always ready to forgive past injuries. Catholics, therefore, will rejoice in the cessation, after nearly three years, of persecution in Mexico, small and grudging though the measure of liberty be which is allowed to the Church under the new Concordat. Secularism is still dominant in the schools, but freedom of worship, at least, is guaranteed. The essential vitality of Catholicism, strengthened by persecution, will no doubt soon restore the Church to more

than her old vigour. We do not yet know how much of her property will be given back to her, but the agreement of June 21st is probably only the first step towards the re-establishment of normal relations. We must congratulate Catholics in the United States, who have never failed, through their press and more directly, to uphold the cause of persecuted Mexico, in face of the apathy of their countrymen and the somewhat tortuous and inconsistent interference of their Government. The Mexican settlement is far from ideal, in fact or in motive, but it is the beginning of better things. The seed, having died, will now bring forth much fruit.

**Anglican Pleas
for
Freedom.**

What the Mexican Church chiefly complained of in the 1917 constitution was the assertion on the part of the State of complete control of the clergy. The English Protestant Church is at present vigorously complaining, not, of course, for the first time, of much the same thing. A Committee, appointed by the Church Assembly in 1923, has recently presented a preliminary report, advocating three *desiderata*, viz., that in the appointment of Bishops, the Diocesan chapter should be free to reject the Prime Minister's nominee without incurring, as at present, the penalties of *praemuniri*; that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York should be similarly exempt from penalty if they refused to consecrate, as they are now bound to do, any Bishop-elect; and that finally the Prime Minister, who need not of course be an Anglican or even a Christian, should have to consult an advisory Committee of the Assembly before making his choice of Bishops. The object of these very reasonable recommendations is to safeguard the episcopal bench against unsuitable occupants, and, as *The Times* very delicately puts it, "to remove the suspicion of unreality from the ceremonies of election and confirmation." But, reasonable as they are, they will have to run the gauntlet of a parliament which does not reason when its traditional rights are concerned; as also of considerable opposition in the Church itself, many members of which maintain that the present system is their sole bulwark against the designs of ambitious and innovating prelates. The system is also a mark of the essential Erastianism of the Elizabethan Church, the only remedy for which is disestablishment, or, equivalently, dissolution. In vain does the *Church Times* (June 7th) bewail the inevitable results, blaming for instance, the late Premier for the "colour" of his nominations. It appears that Mr. Baldwin appointed twelve diocesan Bishops, only three of whom "can be regarded as convinced Catholics," whilst four are "extreme Protestants." Out of eight suffragan Bishops selected by Mr. Baldwin, and eight deans, only one in each category was a "Catholic." Moreover, with obvious misgiving about the future, the paper adds, "And Mr. MacDonald nominated Dr. Barnes!"

**More
Desecration of the
Abbey.**

Dr. Barnes certainly justifies that climax. Once more, he has used the pulpit of Westminster Abbey to broadcast his special brand of infidelity. On Sunday, June 9th, he attacked the Christian doctrine of miracle, declaring it exploded by "Science." The Bible evidence he swept away, alleging with much force that, since the publication of Dr. Gore's famous Commentary, endorsed, as it is, by Anglican scholars of all schools, and rejecting "anything approaching Biblical infallibility," all Anglicans may judge for themselves what the Book teaches. We imagined that they enjoyed that privilege from the beginning, for no explorer has ever discovered in the Anglican system any vestige of authoritative teaching; but the dethronement of the Bible has doubtless made the fact more evident. Anglicanism, deprived of its basis, is now in the air, and the Bishop comes to its rescue by suggesting a simpler religion, based apparently on Science and Nature worship. "The revelations of God which come to us through all the sacraments of life, the beauty of Nature, the sweet sanctities of home, music and poetry—such revelations coalesce naturally with the teaching of Jesus." On the other hand, owing to the emotions set loose by the war, "Bishops found it hard to restrain their clergy from superstitious irregularities in worship. Even in their Prayer-Book proposals, the Bishops made what are now generally seen to have been concessions to religious barbarism." There is much more of this sort, crude, acrimonious, vague and destructive. However, this astounding discourse has not aroused such attention as the famous "Gorilla" sermon of last year, for the Bishop is now better known, but it started the usual science versus religion controversy in the press and moved at least one eminent man of science, Sir J. Ambrose Fleming, boldly to declare that "the unquestionable evidence which existed for the greatest of all supernatural events—namely, the Resurrection of Our Lord—contributed to render possible and probable all others." No one from the Anglican bench spoke up for the Christian faith against his unorthodox brother, but a fortnight later a Canon of Westminster ventured to express his astonishment that the thought that he was violating his consecration oath had not checked the Bishop's declaration of the faith that was not in him. If Bishops can play fast and loose with their vows,

what then [says Canon Carnegie] comes of the Church's claim to be the guardian of the highest type of morality? Are we not justified in maintaining an attitude of aloofness when we find that the inner circle of the membership is pervaded with an atmosphere which tends to blur moral distinctions of essential importance and to deaden the response of conscience to a moral claim of a fundamental kind?

The Anglican Episcopate might reasonably reply to this innuendo

that one member cannot create such an anti-moral atmosphere; however, the Canon finds excuse for the Bishop on the rather suicidal ground

that ecclesiastics and theologians, dominated by some special religious enthusiasm or pre-occupied by some special intellectual interest, are often apt to be less sensitive than they ought to be to moral claims which in the ordinary walks of life are regarded as of primary and paramount obligation.

That, certainly, does not sound so bad as to say that the Bishop's devotion to Science has dulled his sense of what is due to honesty and good manners.

In
the same
Boat.

But the inherent weakness of the Anglican position shows itself in a previous passage of the Canon's rebuke, and incidentally excuses the prelate on other grounds than moral obtuseness.

Speaking of the Anglican Church requiring acceptance of the Resurrection as a condition of her membership, Canon Carnegie said:

She may or may not be mistaken in investing this event with such crucial and fundamental significance, but that she does so, and that the Christian Church has from the beginning done so, is an incontrovertible statement.

But, surely, if the Church *may* be wrong in stressing the significance of the Resurrection, Bishop Barnes *may* be right in rejecting its significance!

The
Prayer Book
once more.

A decision on the problem caused by the second rejection of the Revised Prayer Book last year must soon be reached, for the Anglican Bishops have undertaken to propose their *modus agendi*

to Convocation on July 10th. The recent experiences of the Bishop of London with his clergy give a probable indication of the future course of events. The Bishop, in accordance with the agreed episcopal policy in the interim, issued regulations regarding "Reservation" to those of his clergy who practised it, some 160 in number. It does not matter what the regulations were, except that, assuming the Real Presence, they formed a constructive insult to the Eucharistic Deity. However, the majority of the incumbents, for the sake of peace and edification, acquiesced in the Bishop's demands. Twenty-one of them, on the other hand, with a more lively sense of what their beliefs implied, refused to ignore these beliefs to the dishonour of their Lord, and respectfully declined to obey the Bishop's ruling. Granting their standpoint, they are quite right; if Our Lord is there He cannot be treated for any considerations of policy as if He were not. No disciplinary action seems to be contemplated, but when these particular cures fall vacant, they are to be filled by men of other views. If similar regulations are to be made universal, similar experiences may be

looked for in every diocese. The old antagonists,—the Church Association, for instance, which has volunteered to stand the cost of prosecuting any one of the incumbents who have obeyed the Bishop's regulations, and the underworld of Protestantism generally,—are panting for the fray. And if the ex-Home Secretary could do so much when cumbered by the cares of office, who shall set bounds to his activities now that he has nothing else to do?

**Petrol
and
"Plots."**

Motorists will find much to interest them in the Trade journal, styled *The Morris Owner*, and published to advertise the Morris car. All the newest devices for comfort and convenience are dealt with, and a swarm of "accessories" of every kind, including those gadgets for cleaning and repairing, which seem to occupy so much of the motorist's time, are attractively described. But, while browsing amongst all this appropriate literature in the issue for June, what was our surprise to come across the tail-end of an anti-Catholic epistolary campaign, which seemed to have started in a previous number by an article, in the traditional Protestant style, on the Gunpowder Plot,—surely a polemical subject which should have been kept out of a "neutral" Trade periodical—and which wound up by the usual silly "exposure" of the Jesuits, common form in all the Protestant "gutter-press." We cannot say on what plea the Editor admitted the original article: although he did not shut out, as many do, an adequate Catholic reply, we cannot but think his discretion much at fault. He doubtless wishes Catholics, as well as non-Catholics and anti-Catholics, to enjoy the benefits of the Morris manufacture; why then expose them to the very offensive strictures on their faith, which meet their eyes in his June issue? Religious controversy is wholly out of place in a commercial paper, especially of the type to which *The Morris Owner* has given hospitality: a mere tissue of ancient slanders, genuine mud-throwing of a kind regrettably common when the Great Protestant Tradition was at its height, but now confined, as we have implied, to the lowest stratum of non-Catholic bigotry. We trust his experience on this occasion will make him more wary in future, so that in perusing his alluring journal, we may feel reasonably secure against having our religious convictions wantonly outraged by ignorance and spite.

**A
More Exhibition
in London.**

Perhaps only those endowed with these hateful qualities fail to regard Blessed Thomas More, to whose canonization Catholics are eagerly looking forward, as a great national hero. Anyhow, many non-Catholics are interesting themselves in the More Memorial Loan Exhibition, to be held in the second week of this month at the Shrine, Beaufort Street, Chelsea. It was here, of course, that the great Chancellor spent the years immediately preceding his committal to the Tower. A well-known collector of

books, relating to the life and influence, the character and writings, of More and his family, Mr. John Burns, once well known in another capacity, has provided many items of extraordinary interest and value. Other exhibitors are the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Denbigh, and Lord Camoys, who have sent family heirlooms and other precious memorials. Colleges and religious houses also have provided rare editions of More's works, and other exhibits, while several public libraries and institutions have contributed books, pictures, prints or MSS, some of which have never been published. The items lent by the Chelsea Public Library, which has naturally shown special interest in the greatest of their local glories, are of particular importance. Mr. L. Longstaff, a lineal descendant of Blessed Thomas, has entrusted to the Committee his very unique collection of portraits of his celebrated ancestor, of his family, and of certain friends. Lastly, His Majesty the King has graciously loaned two Holbeins from Windsor Castle.

Lectures will be given on each of the five days of the Exhibition, by Father Ronald Knox, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Lord Justice Russell, Father H. Browne, S.J., and Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. Opportunity will be afforded to visit the convent garden with its famous mulberry tree, Crosby Hall, once the palace of the Chancellor and the Parish Church, where the martyr used to serve Mass and where he hoped to be buried. The proceeds of the Exhibition will go to the upkeep of the Shrine, where Perpetual Adoration is maintained by the Sisterhood in memory of the martyr, and in reparation for, perhaps, one of the worst judicial crimes ever perpetrated in this country.

A New Beatus.

The Blessed Claude de la Colombière, whose beatification occurred very fittingly in the middle of the month of the Sacred Heart, missed the chance of becoming a martyr for the same cause as Blessed Thomas, for he was in England, as preacher in the household of the Duchess of York, and because of his Apostolic activities, was imprisoned during the frenzy excited by the perjurer, Titus Oates. No doubt his connection with the Court robbed him of the martyr's crown for which he longed, for, instead of being executed he was sent back to France, to resume his association with St. Margaret Mary and to share with her the glory of establishing, as a characteristic form of Catholic devotion, the cultus of the Sacred Heart. There was not time in his short life of forty-odd years to impress his sanctity very deeply on the world at large, and hitherto he has been somewhat lost in the greater effulgence of the saintly nun of the Visitation. Few except professed ascetics have read his wonderful diaries during retreat which reveal the heroism of his spirituality. But lapse of time and earthly obscurity do not affect God's Saints, whose fame is established and kept alive by heaven.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Catholic Action, Pope's Letter on [*Cité Chrétienne*, March 5, 1929, p. 400: *ibid.* May, 20, 1929, p. 627: N. Noguer in *Razon y Fé*, May 25, 1929, p. 347].

Tradition and the Bible: their relations [J. A. McClorey, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, June, 1929, p. 573: Tradition and Trent, R. Hull, S.J., in *Month*, July, 1929, p. 10].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Broadcasting Catholicity [M. O. Shriver in *America*, June 15, 1929, p. 224].

Catholicity of the Church, Need to understand its extent [D. D. A. in *Irish Monthly*, June, 1929, p. 305].

Censorship and Literature [G. N. Schuster in *Commonweal*, June 19, 1929, p. 176].

Eugenics Review corrects Catholics! [H. Robbins in *Catholic Times*, May, 31, 1929, p. 14].

Jesuits on the Brain [E. Lester, S.J., in *Tablet*, June 8, 1929, p. 779].

Mexico and the Press [Francis McCullagh in *Studies*, June, 1929, p. 225].

Modernists, Muddled [R. J. Dingle in *Catholic Times*, May 31, 1929, p. 14].

Nationalism v. Catholicism in the Missions [A. Brou, S.J., in *Etudes*, June 5, 1929, p. 577].

Pope, The, corrects Signor Mussolini [*Tablet*, June 22, 1929, p. 835:] Comment on Mussolini's two Speeches [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, June 5, 1929, p. 615].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bosco, Blessed John, as a Statesman [W. G. Austen in *Month*, July, 1929, p. 38: A. Auffray in *Etudes*, June 20, 1929, p. 641].

China, Catholic University of Peking [*Catholic World*, June, 1929, p. 343].

Cinema, World-wide influence of [Dom Maternus in *Southwark Record*, June, 1929, p. 187].

Lateran Treaty, Italian text [*Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, June 7: *Civiltà Cattolica*, June, 1929, p. 544].

Milan's Catholic University: genesis and growth [H. L. Hughes in *Tablet*, June 1, 1929, p. 735].

Missionary Congregations: how affected by recent French legislation [P. Donceur, S.J., in *Etudes*, June 5, 20, 1929, pp. 513, 656].

Monte Cassino, Centenary of [Count I. Giordani in *Commonweal*, June 12, 1929, p. 148].

Nations, The Law of [M. de la Bedoyère in *Christian Democrat*, May, 1929, p. 81].

Paul, Was Saint, the second Pope? [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, June, 1929, p. 1135].

"**Rerum Novarum**," the only rule for industry [R. Ginns, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, June, 1929, p. 1118].

Socialism, How variously defined [Erskine of Marr in *Catholic Times*, May 31, 1929, p. 11:] England already much Socialized [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, July, 1929, p. 43].

Sweden, Growth of Catholicity in [*Catholic Times*, May 31, 1929, p. 13].

REVIEWS

I—FREEDOM IN EDUCATION¹

OF all the problems which the Catholic Church has to face in conjunction, or in conflict with the State, none is more fundamental than the problem of education. In this question, more, perhaps, than in any other, those radical differences of principle which divide Catholics from every other group in the modern State, make themselves felt from the very outset. There is therefore urgent need for such a thorough and scientific *exposé* of the Catholic point of view as we find in a large Italian monograph, recently published. The problem of the school in modern politics might be described, by a somewhat inaccurate metaphor, as a triangular duel, the three parties being the Church, the Family, and the State. Catholic teaching, of which a full and reasoned statement is given in this work, is absolutely definite as regards the inalienable rights of the family, that is, the parents. Education is a natural and necessary extension and continuation of the function of parenthood. The Church also has both rights and obligations in this matter, which she can never repudiate and never abandon. She must claim supreme control of the moral and religious education of her children. The function of the State is to enforce the performance of parental duties where these are in danger of being neglected, and to assist those parents—a large majority in the modern State—who are unable of themselves to provide adequately for the education of their children. The State, however, may not take over the responsibilities and duties of the parent. It can never rightfully claim more than an auxiliary and supervisory rôle.

These are hard sayings for the modern bureaucratic reformer, who, in education as in every other department, looks to the State as the provider of every need, and the *Deus ex machina* in every social problem. But this is undoubtedly the philosophy which Catholics have to proclaim and defend in the vital question of public education. It is fundamental to our position, as Dr. Monti well puts it, that although education ought to be patriotic and national, we must always insist that the principal object of the school is to form "the man" rather than "the citizen."

Englishmen do not, as a rule, care much for these abstractions: they have neither the aptitude nor the inclination for reducing policies to their first principles. But English Catholics cannot afford to indulge in such intellectual indolence. For them, the

¹ *La Libertà della Scuola*. By Dr. Guiseppe Monti. Milan: "Vita e Pensiero." Pp. 686.

question of principle is something more even than a matter of clear thinking: it is a grave matter of conscience. We confess that we should be glad to see in English such a thorough analysis of the principles involved in the education controversy as Dr. Monti has in this work attempted for his fellow-countrymen. Perhaps, to some readers, the extraordinary, elaborate history of educational legislation in all the modern States of Europe—an account that occupies more than five hundred pages of the whole work—will be of even greater interest than the ethico-political speculation of the introductory chapters. Certainly, for one who wishes to be abreast of the whole question in all its aspects, no work that we have seen can be more strongly recommended than this.

2—RAMON LULL¹

THERE are few personalities in history combining in themselves more varied points of interest than Ramon Lull. He lived (1232-1316) at a time when Europe had just awakened to a fuller consciousness of itself; when the Crusades were virtually over, and Christian and Moslem had definitely finished their respective conquests; when the new weapon of argument was being assumed instead of the sword; and when the influence of Arab learning on Christian thought had already begun to bear fruit. St. Thomas Aquinas died when Ramon was yet an unconverted young man; Dante was his contemporary; he witnessed the struggles between Philippe le Bel and Boniface VIII., and the beginning of the Avignon Captivity; in the University of Paris he crossed swords with Duns Scotus. During all this time Ramon moved unceasingly about the world, possessed with one main idea, the conversion of the Mohammedan beyond the Christian border. He was convinced that this could be done by an appeal to reason, supported, if need be, by the use of arms; but far more he preached the necessity of first understanding the enemy, his language and his method of thought, and he spared himself in nothing to bring this truth home to popes, kings, theologians, and the multitude. In the end he died, as we believe, a martyr on the north coast of Africa, preaching Christianity in the market-places there at the age of eighty-three.

Concerning the man and his philosophy judgments, both in his time and since, have considerably differed. He has been accused of instability, of too much wandering from place to place; but the same has been said of St. Francis Xavier. He has been condemned for his rationalizing tendencies, of exalting reason at

¹ *A Biography.* By E. Allison Peers, M.A. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xviii. 454. Price, 18s.

the expense of faith; but St. Thomas was accused of the same, and Lull declared himself a follower of St. Thomas. He has been called an alchemist, in its evil sense; but that accusation is now repudiated by all scholars. Whatever his teaching, and whatever the peculiarity of his seemingly fantastic methods, none will probably deny that he was a man of God; that he was led by a noble missionary ambition, that he surrendered everything in its pursuit, that he combined unceasing labour with true mystic insight and prayer, and that, without seeking it, he has won for himself a devotion which has lasted for six centuries, and which to-day seems rather to increase than to be on the wane. In 1847 Pius IX. allowed the use of his office and Mass in Majorca; in 1858 this was extended to the whole Franciscan Order, of which Ramon was a tertiary; in 1905 Pius X. confirmed his cultus; there are many who still hope that his name will be one day added to the list of canonized saints.

No one has done more to make Ramon Lull known to English readers than Mr. Allison Peers. Hitherto in former writings and translations, he has dwelt more upon Lull's mystic side; in the volume before us he gives us a more or less exhaustive biography, along with an account, so far as space will permit, of the writings of this prolific author. Ramon's philosophy as such is scarcely touched upon; for that he refers the reader to Longpré, in the *Dictionnaire de Théologie*. Instead his aim has been "to describe the depth and breadth of his life and personality, and the immortality of his work and his message." In spite of the crowding and compression, which has been unavoidable, we are certainly given a clear picture, both of the man and of his work; English students will owe him a debt for the summaries of Lull's many books, which could never have been made without great reading on the author's part. Mr. Allison Peers is specially happy in his verse translations, which combine almost verbal literalness with rhythm and rhyme corresponding to the originals. The footnotes are copious, and speak of great care to verify all statements made; the bibliography at the end of the volume contains 244 references. As a background for a further study of Ramon Lull a better volume could scarcely be found.

3—APOLOGETICS¹

WHAT Newman did for his generation some eighty years ago, in his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England," Mr. Hilaire Belloc has done for us in a noteworthy volume—*Survivals and New Arrivals*. Both authors estimate the character and vigour of the anti-Catholic forces of their

¹ *Survivals and New Arrivals*. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 288. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

time. Newman, writing when Emancipation had just come of age, saw still around him the Great Protestant Tradition, the fruits of two and a half centuries of prejudice and misrepresentation, capable yet of occasional ebullitions as in the Papal Aggression episode of the previous year, but already crumbling through its own radical irrationality. His brilliant pages say the last word on that particular subject: no one of any account has since tried to revive that particular combination of ignorance and bigotry: Protestantism has only been able to sustain itself since by pretending to be Catholic; the Great Protestant Tradition is dead. Mr. Belloc faces quite another world. He devotes little space either to the religious or secular attack of the Victorian age. Only a benighted sect now arraigns Catholicism because she does not agree with the Bible: to-day it is the Bible that is attacked and the Church is almost its only defender. The crude Materialism of Tyndall, Spencer and Huxley survives only in the Rationalist Press Association. The Historical attack has failed because the past is daily better known. The Prosperity argument has been demolished by counter-facts, and the Scientific Spirit, as Mr. Belloc's own book emphatically shows, can, when treated properly, be enlisted as an ally. The modern apologist has only need to deal with these old foes historically: as arguments against the Church they are obsolete or obsolescent.

In their stead has arisen a series of new champions, which, as Mr. Belloc acutely points out, do not directly assail the Faith. There is indeed little interest in revealed faith outside the Church. These new assailants, classified as "Nationalism," "Anti-Clericalism," and the "Modern Mind," cut across the Catholic conception of morality, based on the certain teaching of a universal God-founded Church. With disbelief in the Church's nature and mission has gone regard for the morality, supremely rational indeed but enforced by supernatural sanctions, of which she is the mouth-piece. Hence the State and its interests take the place of God, a morality independent of revelation is sought and the modern mind, cut off from absolute truth, drifts from one half-digested hypothesis to another; not so much a barrier to truth, says Mr. Belloc, as a "morass."

These influences occupy the field in more or less vigour at present. The main attack has shifted from religion to philosophy. But meanwhile on the horizon or nearer there are other forces, not deriving in any sense from the Christian tradition—a new revolt, or rather the old revolt of the animal man renewed in a worse form, because in conscious opposition to the Christian ideal; finding its allies in Heathendom untouched by Christianity,—in negroid debaucheries, in obscene forms of art and music. There are new faiths aping Christianity,—necromancy in various forms, bizarre eruptions of "New Thought," selections from Buddha,

Confucius and so forth—a wild chaos of "After-Christianity," the worse because it assumes that Christianity has been tried and found wanting. Certainly in some such company Anti-Christ will hereafter appear—a personality capable of fusing these varied forms of revolt into one rebel army against God and against His Christ. Whether Providence will defer his coming, we cannot say: whether these presages of him will be presently beaten back and down by the deathless forces of Christianity, depends under God on the Christians of to-day. It is significant that Mr. Belloc should recall, in this centenary year of Emancipation, that God's Providential way of renewing the fervour of His Church is—persecution.

This volume is worthy to take its stand with Newman's "Lectures" and that other Newnanesque book, Devas's "Key to the World's Progress." It should be the "Soldiers' Pocket Book" of those growing Catholic forces—the Apostolic League, the Catholic Evidence Guild, and Our Lady's Catechists. Together with Chesterton's "Everlasting Man," it illuminates the whole dark and turgid cloud of modern thought outside the Church, giving her members a proper sense of dangers impending and means to counteract. Happy the youth privileged to nurture on such palatable and sustaining spiritual food. Fortunate if he knows his own good—the immense and responsible privilege of being on board the Ark, secure through no merit of his own from the perils that threaten his generation.

4—THE PAPACY IN THE 13TH CENTURY!

THOUGH the 13th century has been called the greatest of centuries, it can by no means be said that all the aspects of ecclesiastical life during this period call for admiration. The impression created by a historical study of the four popes who ruled the Church from 1254 to 1276 is in some respects a depressing one, even though they were good popes and one of them, Gregory, has since been beatified. Of course in such a chronicle the more attractive and edifying aspects of Church history cannot be unduly emphasized. Only casual reference can be spared for such brighter features as the lives of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure or St. Philip Benizi. Even St. Louis makes no great figure in the book before us. The splendid heroism of missionary endeavour in the East and the wonderful developments of architecture will no doubt find their due recognition in some other volume. We are not in any way blaming the lamented author of this conscientious and painstaking in-

¹ *The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages.* By Mgr. Horace K. Mann. Vol. XV. London: Kegan Paul. Pp. viii. 514. Price, 15s. net. 1929.

stalment of a great work. But the fact remains that the record is for the most part concerned with disputes, recriminations, scandals, rebuked but not always successfully suppressed, diplomatic intrigues and attempts to raise money. In the face of the Sicilian affair it is a little difficult to maintain that the occupants of the Holy See were always bent upon setting the peace of Christendom in the forefront of their policy before personal interest. Though the conclave which began on the death of Clement IV., in 1268, did eventually result in the election of an admirable Pontiff, the fact that the nineteen cardinals who composed it—they were reduced to sixteen effective members before the conclave was ended—took two years and ten months before they arrived at a decision was a terrible scandal. Every form of pressure was brought to bear upon the electors; and the populace of Viterbo, where the assembly was held, not only threatened to cut off food supplies but actually removed the roof of the building in which they met. It seems to have been John Tolet, an English cardinal amongst their number, who humorously suggested that by this means the Holy Ghost would have freer access! But all efforts failed before the obstinacy of a certain number of electors whose interests were concerned. Mgr. Mann naturally gives a considerable amount of attention to the relations between England and the Holy See in the later years of Henry III. Here again the task before him was a delicate one, but he has faced the difficulties frankly and those who in future may have occasion to write upon the Barons' War and the career of Simon de Montfort will not be able to dispense with the use of this important contribution to the history of the period.

5—MONASTICISM AND ECCLESIASTICAL FINANCE¹

MISS ROSE GRAHAM is well known to all students of the Middle Ages as an extremely able and conscientious investigator. It is now nearly thirty years since, as we remember, we reviewed in these columns her excellent book on St. Gilbert of Sempringham, a work which showed many evidences of original research. The contents of the present volume give ample proof that her time has not been wasted in the interval. She has specialized in particular upon the history of the Cluniac Order and she has a great deal to tell her readers which will be new to the most erudite among them. The first six essays are all devoted to this theme and we are glad to learn from the Preface that they represent preliminary studies for a larger work on the English province of the same religious family. Of the remaining

¹ *English Ecclesiastical Studies*. By Rose Graham, M.A., F.S.A. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xiv. 464. Price 15s. net. 1929.

papers the most important seem to us to be that on "the Taxation of Pope Nicholas IV." and the sketch of "The Order of Grandmont and its Houses in England." The former of these must have entailed a prodigious amount of spade-work, and though we fear that its conclusions will be rather thrown away upon the general reader, still it is precisely by contributions of this sort that the scientific study of history, ecclesiastical or secular, must be built up. What commends Miss Graham's writing to every genuine student is its moderation of tone. She satisfies us that she has no controversial or confessional purpose underlying her statement of facts and that the deductions she draws from them are unbiassed. She seeks the truth and that in all such studies must be the highest aim. An interesting and lighter essay of a somewhat different kind occupies the last place in the volume. It is concerned with "the Civic Position of Women at Common Law before 1800," and it introduces us to a number of facts which are by no means matter of common knowledge.

One of the best features in the book is the extremely minute and careful index, but a word must also be said in commendation of the illustrations which are both well chosen and well reproduced.

6—SOME BIOGRAPHIES¹

THE five books mentioned below, concerning the holy lives of very different holy people, have this in common, that they are all extremely readable. The old style of religious biography has happily gone, and gone for good. The natural in the Saints is shown as the basis of the supernatural: there is nothing unsightly or distorted in the superior structure, for the Architect is divine. Given the key to their motives, the conduct of these extraordinary beings is shown to be extremely reasonable: they act on the *data* of faith: they prefer the eternal to the temporal: they love God rather than themselves.

The first-mentioned is a delightful study told by a literary master, and so admirably translated that its French origin is never obtrusive. M. Gheon in the celebrated *Curé* has a theme quite after his own heart. The book reads like a romance, yet it is concerned with homely events—the daily, year-long tasks of a simple French priest labouring for a congregation of peasants. Yet sanctity will out, and the village priest becomes

¹ (1) *The Secret of the Curé d'Ars*. By Henri Gheon. Translated by F. J. Sheed. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 217. Price, 7s. 6d. net. (2) *St. Catherine of Siena*. By Alice Curtayne. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. xii. 268. Price, 7s. 6d. net. (3) *Pius X.* By René Bazin. London: Sands and Co. Pp. ix. 273. Price, 6s. net. (4) *The Story of Blessed John Fisher*. By N. M. Wilby. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. viii. 184. Price, 3s. 6d. net. (5) *A Short Life of St. Ignatius*. By A. Astrain, S.J. Translated by R. Hull, S.J. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 116. Price, 2s. net.

the talk of France and meets with the usual food of the Saints, slander and adulation, diabolic assaults and heavenly favours. If we are in danger of missing the moral, we have a few appreciative pages from Mr. Chesterton to finish the book, so searching and sane that they must provoke a reperusal.

The life of St. Catherine was essentially as dramatic and public as that of St. Jean-Marie Vianney was hidden and commonplace, and Miss Alice Curtayne has brought out with great skill the startling contrasts in the Saint's work and her sex, her social position and her international interest. Her sanctity shone the brighter for the murkiness of her times, for those were days when the Gates of Hell all but prevailed against the Church. The story is engrossing and enlightening—a good tonic for those who do not realize that nothing prevents the triumph of the Church here below but the unworthiness of her own members.

Another French littérateur, M. René Bazin, has devoted his skilled pen to depicting the career of a Saint of our own day, Pius X., the Pope of the Eucharist, not yet officially declared Blessed but surely destined to be so. M. Bazin shows a thorough appreciation of the greatness of the man and of the Pope. His careful study, which has been translated by the Talacre Benedictines and is gracefully introduced by the Bishop of Menevia, is a useful memorial of a reign of outstanding importance to the Church.

We trust that Mr. N. M. Wilby's *Story of Blessed John Fisher* will awaken his countrymen to a higher appreciation of his eminence, both in virtue and learning. Certainly his contemporaries were in no doubt as to the greatness of the saintly Bishop of Rochester, and his execution by the Tudor tyrant, who could not bend him, was the event which convinced Europe that a veritable monster occupied the English throne. Once again in Blessed John's career we have demonstrated the distinction between a religion which acknowledges a living Head in the Church and one which does not. Mr. Wilby paints a very lovable picture of the scholar and the saint.

The late Father Antonio Astrain was occupied on the history of the Society for some 30 years before his lamented death last year, and the depth and variety of his knowledge of its first days moved him to write in 1921, 4th centenary of the conversion of St. Ignatius, a short life of his holy Father, which should present him as he actually was, without those unsound additions and elaborations which appear in many lives, whether prompted by affection or hostility. Here then we have in brief compass a living and true picture of the Soldier-Saint, well translated into English by Fr. Robert Hull. It is a book to recommend to those who want to know the truth, and to spread it, about one of the most out-standing figures of history.

7—A NEW WORK ON MOLINISM¹

A WELL-KNOWN sign of the times, in this as in other countries, is the awakening of non-Catholic interest in Catholic philosophy, especially as expounded by St. Thomas Aquinas. In the year 1918, Mr. P. H. Wicksteed chose as subject for the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford and in London "The Philosophy and the Theology of Thomas Aquinas," which lectures appeared later in book form. The Course on the "Summa Theologica," begun by Fr. McNabb, O.P., in 1921 at the London University, is still, we believe, in being. In 1923, the jubilee year of the saint, several Catholic and non-Catholic philosophers delivered special discourses on his doctrine at Manchester. In the same year the Cambridge Summer School treated of exclusively Thomistic subjects. Still more recently a special "Aquinas Society" has been formed. And finally, the return of the Order, so to speak, in force, to Oxford cannot fail to consolidate and extend the vogue of the *philosophia perennis*, as taught by the *Doctor communis*.

His chief work, the "Summa Theologica," is now available in English, and meets with a growing sale. The "Summa Contra Gentiles" has lately been made accessible in the same handy form. Modern commentators and popularizers of the Saint's teaching, such as Etienne Gilson, are eagerly read in an English dress. All this points to a decided philosophic revival in this country, the progress of which is being watched with keen interest on the continent.²

This revival may possibly spread to later developments of Catholic philosophy. It would be wrong, both from the point of view of truth and of the importance of the subject, to ignore the great minds of the early Middle Ages, the times of the Renaissance of Scholasticism in the 16th and 17th centuries. A well-qualified judge in the matter, Ehrle, is of opinion that in the past the influence of the Salmanticenses was much wider and deeper and at the same time more lasting, even than that of St. Thomas and of the old Franciscan School.³ Through Toletus, afterwards Cardinal, this theological Renaissance—in the best sense of the word—found its way into the great central School of the youthful Society of Jesus and entered into keen competition with the mother School at Salamanca.

The book under review leads us into the innermost centre of

¹ *Gregory of Valencia and Molinism*. A contribution to the history of Pre-molinism, from unpublished sources. By Wilhelm Hentrich, S.J. Innsbruck, 1928.

² See *Schöners Zukunft* (Wien 1929, p. 490), "Der Einfluss des Thomismus auf das englische Geistesleben."

³ *Katholik*, 1884, II, 498.

the theological thinking of Molina, the man who, more than anybody else, spread the new movement throughout Germany. "Yet, like Bannesianism, Molinism does not represent anything absolutely new in Scholastic Philosophy." The history of Premolinism leads us straight into that period of development which must still be made the subject of historical research. Men like Beltran de Heredia, Getino, Carro, and others have taken up with great energy the suggestion made by Ehrle in the eighties of the last century. We have to reckon in the near future with historical researches into the Renaissance of Scholasticism similar to those which have been carried out years ago with so much success into the period of the early Middle Ages. This book of Father Hentrich, which goes back to hitherto unknown sources, and which is written with masterly accuracy, will always be one of the most valuable beginnings in this line of research. And, last but not least, it will be a useful guide through the Archives and Collections of manuscripts examined by the author.

J.F.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

STUDENTS of the *Summa* will be grateful to Père B. Lavand, O.P., for the translation into French of an introduction to Thomism by one of the most illustrious disciples of the Angelic Doctor (*Introduction à la Théologie de Saint Thomas*, par Jean de Saint-Thomas. André Blot: pp. 475). Besides the translation, there is a useful appendix on the theological and philosophical work of the author. The treatise itself should prove a valuable aid to the study of St. Thomas.

BIBLICAL.

With his experience in writing Scripture text-books Father Charles Hart has essayed yet another, a *Junior Bible History* (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.). It is intended for children between the ages of eight and twelve, and is indeed a model both of simplicity of language and compression. It covers the whole ground of Old and New Testament history, dividing the matter up into no less than 222 short chapters, thus keeping each episode well within the child's grasp. The book is illustrated profusely by the nuns of Talacre. The limp cloth binding makes it well suited for the rough usage such books are liable to receive from small children. There is a copious index, which doubles the value of the book.

It would be difficult to produce a more attractive book for the young on the Old Testament than *Old Testament Lessons for Children*, by A. H. Sidney (Sands: 2s. 6d.). Obviously the author has much experience with children. In twenty-five short chapters the child is taken

through the chief events in Bible history. The language is simple but never childish; indeed, we would say that the combination of simplicity with dignity in the style was the first thing that commended itself to us in the work. The chapters are cleverly interwoven, making a complete whole of the parts; the lessons deduced flow naturally and are never forced; eight beautiful coloured illustrations will give delight to all young readers, and to some who are no longer young.

A librarian may have difficulty in deciding under what category he should catalogue Lady Lindsey Smith's *The Old Testament Calling!* (Sheed and Ward: 5s.), for it begins in a tea-shop in Baker Street, London, and ends at Newton Abbot Priory, at the grave of Mgr. Moyes. Still, as one reads one catches the spirit of the book; and it is a pleasing spirit. The author is among her children, with the Old Testament in her hands. As she reads, her mind is also with them; she thinks with them, she talks with them, interpreting the stories of the Bible with them, and interpreting them by means of the Bible. And occasionally her thoughts wander away from them into matters of greater moment. It is a book unlike any other that we know, with many good things in its pages.

Dom Hildebrand Hoepfl, O.S.B., Professor of Holy Scripture at the Benedictine College of St. Anselm in Rome, has published a second edition of his little treatise on Inspiration and Exegesis—*Tractatus de Inspiratione Sacrae Scripturae et Compendium Hermeneuticæ Biblicæ Catholice* (Biblioteca d'Arte Editrice, Rome: price not indicated). This must be distinguished from his Introduction to Scripture (*Introductionis in sacros utriusque testamenti libros Compendium*), which is in three volumes, and leaves out the topics treated in the present book. Among the changes in the second edition we notice the omission of Gregorius de Valencia and Bafiez as champions of "mechanical" inspiration (cf. ed. 1, pp. 34—35), and we should be interested to know the reason, for their words seem plain enough. Father Hoepfl himself believes in "verbal" inspiration as it is propounded more moderately to-day (pp. 44—49); but his treatment suffers from his failing to take account of the Biblical Commission's answers in regard of the Pentateuch and the Epistle to the Hebrews, which answers appear to favour non-verbal inspiration. We should also have liked to see some attempt to explain and criticize the nature and methods of the modern Higher Criticism; a good index would likewise have been welcome. Moreover, in a long list of Catholic works on Holy Scripture written since the Council of Trent the only English book mentioned is Father Eaton's *St. Luke*. No doubt this manual, like its many fellows, will prove useful to a section of students, but for ourselves we think that the study of Holy Scripture would be much benefited if exegetes would make it a practice to bring out a large and serious edition of some more difficult book of the Bible before they turn to write treatises on Inspiration and universal Introductions.

Much patient labour and investigation has gone to the making of *The Measured Times of the Bible* (Heath Cranton: 17s. 6d. n.), by C. C. Ogilvy van Lennep. The author has made a large assumption, viz., that the Bible provides its own chronology. His painstaking researches have led him to the conclusion that, according to Biblical data, exactly 4000 years elapsed from the creation of Adam to the birth of Our Lord.

The accepted chronologies of the ancient nations must, our author holds, be corrected "no matter at what expense of time and trouble to scholars in the revision and redating of the histories of Assyria, Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and of the earlier Romans." It is unfortunate that the English version of the Scriptures has been made a basis of argument. According to the Hebrew text 480 years elapsed from the departure from Egypt till the commencement of the Temple in the fourth year of Solomon. This number our author increases to 520 by adding the forty years in the wilderness, on the ground that the Bible measures from the time when the Israelites were come out of the land of Egypt, which he takes to imply the time of arrival in the land of Canaan. But, as a matter of fact, the Hebrew word so translated implies only departure.

In another part of this issue a plea is made for the introduction of youth to the actual text of the Bible, so that what is to be learnt of ancient religious history may be presented, not in a dry summary or in an expanded commentary, but in the actual *literature* of the Old Testament. Archbishop Goodier, who has recently published *About the Old Testament* (B.O. & W.: 4s. 6d.), has to some extent anticipated this plea, for after describing the Old Testament as a whole, how it came into being and what it contains, and after a popular account of the various volumes of this great Library; he devotes nearly half of his book to a series of selections, with the object of familiarizing the reader with the magnificent conceptions of Historian and Psalmist and Prophet and Philosopher, which in our Douay Version, no less than in the Anglican, reach great heights of literature. The book is to be warmly commended for use in our upper forms, for nothing quite like it has hitherto appeared.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

A new philosophical work, *God Infinite and Reason*, by Father William J. Brosnan, S.J. (The America Press: \$2.00), is a treatise on the Divine Attributes, which contains a good deal of matter condensed into some two hundred and thirty pages. The manner of presentation is rigidly scholastic, a fact which will probably repel some readers. We may say at once that we sympathize with the demand for a more literary and continuous exposition of philosophical questions. There is something rather choppy and staccato about the scholastic text-book that leaves an uncomfortable impression of formalism, and of failure to get to grips either with the heart of a question or with the mind of an adversary. But any reader who will overcome his distaste for scholastic "form" will find in Father Brosnan's pages a good deal of useful instruction and sound argumentation. Of special value are the quotations from contemporary writers, which exhibit in brief compass some of the main lines of modern thought.

The harmless necessary art of condensation has seldom been displayed more conspicuously than in Dr. Alexander Spesz's *Summarium Philosophiæ Christianæ* (Marietti, Turin: 12.50 L.), which covers all the treatises of a philosophic course from *Logica* to *Ethica Specialis* in just over 350 pages. The work should be of use to those engaged in such studies as a *repetitorium* or brief digest for examination purposes.

APOLOGETIC.

We are rather apt to adopt a defeatist policy with regard to Islam, and to acquiesce too readily in the verdict that a Mahomedan can never be converted. Now that several Moslem countries are administered by Western powers, and a disciple of the Prophet who receives Baptism can no longer be put to death as a renegade, one formidable obstacle has been in part removed. Mgr. d'Herbigny, S.J., the able President of the Pontifical Oriental Institute, has written a book *L'Islam Naissant* (Pont. Inst. Orient: pp. 181—323, 15 l.) which should go far to break down prejudice, if not to win direct conversions, if only it could be brought before the notice of learned Mahomedans. The sub-title, "Notes psychologiques," indicates the plan followed, which is to study the mental and psychic influences at work on the Prophet and his immediate disciples. He shows how many of his "revelations" were due to "suggestion" on the part of his companions, and are clearly traceable to the needs of the moment. The learned author insists strongly on the distinction between the earlier stage of Islam, when its adherents were Moslems, and the later stage, when they became Mahomedans; and points out the hope of being able to lead them to Christianity by building on the many religious truths embodied in the belief of the true Moslem, which have their complement only in the revelation of Jesus Christ.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Litany of Loreto has provided more than one author with a background on which to express, and to teach to others, his devotion to Our Lady. In *Our Lady's Titles*, by the Rev. Albert Power, S.J., Rector of Corpus Christi College, Melbourne (Herder: 8s.), we have further evidence of this. The author combines much personal devotion, felt in every page, with material which should be of service to those who have to give instructions to Children of Mary and others. He is both theological and historical in his subject-matter, with apt moral conclusions at the end of each chapter. The paragraphs have their own headings, which catch the eye as one reads, thus supplying for the absence of an index at the end.

A new subject for Sunday sermons throughout the year is developed in *The Prayer of Faith*, by the Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman (Herder: 7s.). The author has taken the wonderful collect of the Mass of each Sunday, has shown its significance in its particular place, and then, in three points and a conclusion, has given the preacher the material for an excellent discourse. His method is eminently practical, being devised by one who has keen insight into, and sympathy with, the soul that strives after perfection and yet finds the way rough. The Gospel story is well used throughout, keeping the supernatural atmosphere in the midst of much natural reflection.

If anyone knows how to write a book for the guidance of children it is certainly Father Drinkwater. In *Prayers worth Learning by Heart* (Sheed and Ward: 1s. 6d.), he has provided teachers with a collection of short prayers, "taken chiefly from the missal," which they may use to instil from time to time the best of thoughts into their children's minds.

They are chiefly translated from the Old Testament, but these are by no means all. There is an excellent introduction on the need of words in prayer, and on the way the author would have his little book used. Many teachers will learn from this painstaking author how to do similar work for themselves.

How and why life is a combination of joy and sorrow, how its solution is to be found in God alone, in what way, given these preliminary axioms, life may be best "realized" and "unified,"—this is the theme of *Sagesse de Vie*, by Dom Thomas Becquet, O.S.B. (Beauchesne: 12.00 fr.). The author addresses himself to young men who have begun to think seriously, and wish to make the best of themselves. His work will be useful to many; perhaps not least on account of many quotations from recent French writers with which he confirms and illustrates his thesis. As he comes to the end of his argument, he makes much of the Church as the mystical Body of Christ.

As Father Vincent McNabb very truly says in his Foreword to *Spiritual Exercises of a Dominican Friar* (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d.), it is important that historians of asceticism should make more account than they do of our English ascetical writers. But the misfortune is that their works are not easily available, and therefore to many are unknown. On this account alone we welcome these "ghostly meditations" of the Dominican Father William Perin, which first appeared in 1557, and are now republished. They have another historical interest, in that they have some connection with the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, which preceded them by a few years. But this seems to us of lesser moment. The book was originally written for English nuns in the Low Countries, as were others of the kind; this alone gives it a special interest. The "Exercises" are most practical; the author's tone is earnest; we almost wish the editor could have found room for the "practices" which he has been compelled to omit.

One might have thought there was scarcely room for another translation of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius; yet when we look carefully into the new one, made by the Benedictine nun of Stanbrook who has recently translated the works of St. Thérèse, and edited by Father Lattey, S.J., we see at once why it has been thought worth while to try yet again. The idiom of the saint has been carefully reproduced with quite astonishing effect; the very literalness of grammar and phrase gives it a style and beauty of its own.

When one reads the minor treatises of certain great theologians, notably of St. Thomas Aquinas, one gets the impression that they were written chiefly to clarify the author's own mind; while making their own ideas clear to themselves they have thereby made them clear to others. A like impression is left on the mind after a careful reading of *The Spirit of Charity* (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), by Father M. J. D'Arcy, S.J. He is, he knows, dealing with the most sublime of subjects; the one which, above all others, it is well for a Christian to understand. Nevertheless, in the way of its understanding, there are not a few obstacles, sometimes seeming contradictions, sometimes paradoxes, sometimes different conceptions of what is meant by the words charity and love. In this little book, chapter by chapter, bringing philosophy and theology and scripture and sometimes poetry to bear upon the matter, he sets himself to unravel

the most knotty problems with which love, or charity, is liable to be involved. First he establishes the basis of all love in God, who is love, love-giving. He then takes love as we find it in the human heart, and as we find it described by ascetical writers; comparing and contrasting, he establishes that mean which satisfies the two. Next he turns to love supernatural, the love that comes with the divine indwelling; perfect contrition, love of others, are looked at in this light. He concludes, as he must, with the imitation and study of Christ; here, we feel, Father D'Arcy has much more yet to say, and will one day say it.

It is a great satisfaction to see how, of late, books in English on the Holy Mass have multiplied. We can scarcely have enough, for the subject itself is infinite in content, and almost every point of view adds something different to our conception of it. In his book, *In Memory of Me*, or *The Holy Mass* worthily offered (B.O. & W.: 4s. 6d.), Father John L. Forster, S.J., of St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, writes as a true apostle of the Mass. He does not, strictly, write a series of instructions; rather he seems to kneel by the side of one whom he would instruct, reads his mind, and meditates along with him, suggesting as they go along together all manner of reflections, drawn from many sources, which expand the sacrifice and its significance to infinity. The book is written in paragraphs rather than in chapters; and between the paragraphs it is intended that the reader should lay down the book, and think, and pray. Indeed, a careful reader could scarcely do otherwise. One great aim of the writer has been to make the layman realize what an integral part he plays in the sacrifice; and he certainly succeeds. But, in addition, no one can read this book with care without learning much in detail of the liturgy. The style of the book is simple, so that any boy or girl in an upper form may be able to understand, and may learn betimes to take a keen interest in that sacrifice which is so much a part of the life of every Catholic.

Among the Translations of Christian Literature, Series II., Latin Texts, published by the S.P.C.K., is now numbered a translation of St. Bernard's *Twelve Degrees of Humility and Pride*, by Baston R. V. Mills, M.A. (S.P.C.K.: 6s.). It is the first of the treatises written by the saint, and apparently has never been translated into English before; which makes us all the more indebted to the translator. Though the first of St. Bernard's formal treatises, it contains most of his characteristic traits. Written for his Cistercian brethren, it spares its reader in nothing; at the same time, however uncompromising, there appears throughout that tremendous human sympathy which makes St. Bernard lovable whatever he may say. Moreover, another characteristic, while the saint is merciless in eradicating human evil, he never loses sight of the prize that awaits fidelity; with this in view he makes austerity a joy. The second part, on the Degrees of Pride, has an interest all its own. These Degrees the saint illustrates by studies of character which are surprisingly modern, even while they compare with the work of Theophrastus. Did ever any man, even any saint, combine a knowledge of human nature with a knowledge of things divine as did St. Bernard? The translation is admirably done. It is preceded by an introduction on the treatise itself, and an excursus on Life in a Cistercian monastery which throws light on much that may seem severe in the teaching of the saint.

Père Charles, S.J. has merited in his *Prayer for All Times: Second Series* (Sands: 5s. n.), translated by Mother Monahan, the success which greeted its forerunner. We have here the same mellow spiritual wisdom, the same knowledge of the power and weakness of human nature, the same sympathetic insight into both the demands of God and the needs of man, the same gift of extracting unexpected marrow from bare, oft-ruminated phrases. The test of a substantial contribution to devotional thought is its capacity for being read and re-read. Père Charles' books stand this test triumphantly.

HISTORICAL.

Dom Henri Leclercq is probably best known to our readers as the Editor of the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie chrétienne et de Liturgie*, at present in course of publication. But he has recently interrupted his labours in order to write a *Vie de Notre-seigneur Jésus-Christ* (Bonne Presse: 12 fr.). The volume may be described as an excellent summary of the present condition of Catholic research. Relying mainly on Lagrange, de Grandmaison, Michel, and Fillion, the author goes through the Life of Our Lord, not with the mind of a Scripture critic, but with that of a simple biographer. An excellent Introduction gives us much in little, dealing especially with the Messianic expectation, and what that expectation implied. For the rest, the book makes no pretence of giving anything new. Though footnotes are abundant and learned, the text for the most part confines itself to resetting the events in the life of Christ as the author understands them to have been. Where amplification seems to be needed he gives it; at other times he is brief to abruptness; seldom if anywhere does he stop to give reasons for the choice he has made between alternative conclusions. The chapter on the Passion is the longest, and seems to us the best. There is a copious index and table of contents, and the sections are separately headed, making reference very easy throughout.

The doctrines of the Albigensians of the South of France were dealt with by the Rev. H. J. Warner, B.D., in a volume published by the S.P.C.K. This was reviewed in *THE MONTH* for March, 1923 (p. 286). The same writer has now brought out a second volume of 224 pages, which seems to have no table of contents, entitled, *The Albigensian Heresy: its Suppression by Crusade and Inquisition*. About half of the book is taken up with the account of the armed attack on the Albigensians under the direction of Simon de Montfort, the second half deals with the work and methods of the Inquisition in the further suppression of the heresy. The style of the book is rather heavy, but the author has evidently read carefully and gives in the main a useful collection of facts. The work is, however, greatly marred by prejudice. This comes out especially in his treatment of the Inquisition. A historian should try to understand the point of view of those he is describing. It is hopeless to apply present-day ideas of toleration in religious belief to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the thirteenth century heresy was looked upon as worse than treason, and the source of grievous harm not only to the soul but to the State; to-day generally, outside the Catholic Church, it is looked upon as a matter of no importance—a mere

difference of opinion. In Mr. Warner's view the Inquisition was pretty nearly everything that was bad. When the evidence might turn to the advantage of the tribunal a favourable interpretation is set aside. For instance, on p. 155 of Part II., he says: "There is no instance [in the Register of Toulouse in the years 1243-1249] of the death penalty, but it is incredible that there was none and perhaps they were recorded in another register now lost." But perhaps on the other hand there was no death sentence to record. Again, on p. 185, Part II., we read: "Torture is very seldom recorded in the Registers, the explanation being, not that it was seldom inflicted but that the notary was less interested in the *means* of obtaining avowals than in the avowals themselves." How does Mr. Warner know this? The duty of a notary was to mention both. What Mr. Warner has to say, on p. 133, Part II., on the Canon Law is simply foolish.

An excellent summary of the history of the Capuchin Order is to be found in **The Capuchins (1528-1928)**, an Historical Survey, by Anscar Zawart, O.M.Cap., (Capuchin College, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.), a brochure of 87 pages. The story is excellently ordered; specially interesting is the part which tells of the origin of the Capuchins. Next is discussed the origin and significance of "the Hood, the Beard, and the Name," along with an account of the trouble with the Friars Minor Observant at the time of the separation. This section is well documented. An account of the spread of the Order, especially in America, its great men and its great deeds, concludes an interesting little book which, it may be hoped, will help to promote vocations.

A further volume of "Franciscan Studies," **The Capuchins in French Louisiana (1722-1766)**, by Claude L. Vogel, O.M.Cap., Ph.D. (Wagner, New York), maintains the high standard set by its predecessors in the series. After an instructive Foreword on the Capuchins in general, their origin and their missionary work, the author gives us an amazing bibliography, proving how thoroughly he has done his work in many libraries. This material he has used, first to sketch the early history of Louisiana, from 1539 to 1722, then to follow the Capuchins in their entrance into the territory and their spread across it. The whole story is carefully documented; incidentally there are many sidelights on others besides the Capuchins, which historians of other Orders will do well to notice. Especially important, to others, will be the chapter on "The Coming of the Jesuits to New Orleans, 1726," and the political motives which, as the author adequately proves, prompted the movement. Next is the account of the controversy which followed between the Capuchins and the Jesuits as to jurisdiction, from which it would seem that the Superior of the Jesuits certainly was in the wrong. In one way or another the controversy continued till the suppression of the Society of Jesus in France, which was followed by their removal from Louisiana in 1764. The whole episode is another instance of painful misunderstandings of which the history of the Church is full. The author writes with admirable consideration and charity.

No doubt many books will be written about the Settlement of the Roman Question from many points of view, but that book alone will be satisfactory to Catholics which acknowledges the divine institution and providential ruling of the Church. We have no hesitation in recommend-

ing as excellent in this kind the volume entitled *The Pope and Italy* (America Press: \$1.50), written by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., the Editor of *America*. It is clear, orderly, concise, accurate—dealing with the past history of the question, with the doctrine which underlies it, and with all its later phases. In a matter which needs knowledge both of theology and of history, Father Parsons shows himself thoroughly competent. The actual text of the Treaty is printed in an Appendix, as also the authoritative commentary of the *Osservatore Romano*. A future edition may well contain the firm and clear exposition of the Church's teaching on education and of the Church's view of her past relations with the State which the Holy Father has since found it necessary to utter.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

In *Johann Philipp Roothaan* (Herder: 7.00 m.) Fr. Augustin Neu, S.J., narrates the life of a great servant of God whose memory should not be allowed to pass away. Born in Holland in 1785 and dying in 1853, he was called by God to perform the highest services for the Society of Jesus during the first generation of its restored existence. It was in Russia, in 1804, that he entered the Society at the age of nineteen; and after the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Russian Empire he filled various posts in Italy until, at the age of forty-four, he was placed at the head of the Order. His Generalate lasted twenty-four years and was marked by many persecutions and by great development and expansion in every department. As an organizer, Father Roothaan stood in the front rank: while, in the yet more important sphere of the spiritual life, he has to his credit the revival and propagation of the Exercises of St. Ignatius. Himself a man of the deepest spirituality, it was on such means that he relied in the work of his ministry. The prayer of the Exercises was his own life, and the animating spirit of all his undertakings. He died in 1853, with the universal reputation of a saint. We trust that Father Neu's work will do something towards restoring his memory.

The most copious life we have yet seen of our present Holy Father comes to us in *Pie XI, Achille Ratti, 1857—1922* (La Bonne Presse: Paris), translated from the Italian of A. Novelli by the Abbé Robert Jacquier. It is a sewn brochure of 134 closely-printed pages, taking us through the Holy Father's life, from his birth in Desio to his accession to St. Peter's Chair. It is written by a loyal enthusiast, to whom no detail is unimportant; his enthusiasm occasionally overflows upon his fatherland, but that can be easily forgiven. Three things strike us in reading this brochure. We knew Achille Ratti was a scholar, but we did not realize before all that this implied. We knew his greatness of outlook, but now we seem to see whence it is derived. We knew, by experience, his gentle affection; now we know how it is part of his very nature. The work contains 67 illustrations.

There is much originality shown in *The Royal Road, A Life of Blessed Edmund Campion for Children* (B.O. & W.: 1s. 6d.). It is written in the "once upon a time" style, with charming simplicity, and with an attention to detail which attracts even a grown-up. The author cer-

tainly knows his (or her) London of the period, and gives the reader the benefit of it all. There are quaint and naive illustrations, some in colour; but none will catch the eye more quickly than that of the little boy running to warn Campion that spies are about.

Perhaps the sub-title of *The Blessed Virgin: Her Times: her Life: her Virtues: an Historical Study*, by Canon Ch. Cordonnier of Rouen (Sands: 5s.), is a little ambitious, but as a book of devotion the Canon's work is interesting. Though at the end a number of standard works of reference are given, almost all the material on which the author has drawn has been taken either from the apocrypha or from sundry "revelations." Still this material has been cleverly blended together, and has been adorned with some pleasing illustrations. The translation, by a Sister of Charity, is excellently done. There are a few mistakes in the spelling of foreign names in the bibliography.

LITERARY.

It is unfortunately only too true that English students have written little as yet on the devotion paid to Our Lady by their forefathers in the Middle Ages. Two books are outstanding; "Our Lady's Dowry," by Father Bridgett, and Waterton's "Pietas Mariana Britannica." On that account we are the more grateful for the contribution to the subject lately made by a distinguished Dutch scholar, Dr. J. Vriend, S.J., who takes account of a single branch of this vast subject, *The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Medieval Drama of England* (J. Muusses, Purmerend, Holland: fl. 3.50). The author has written his book chiefly to stir up interest in students, that they may be induced to pursue the subject further. For this purpose he gives in his introduction a list of text-books and sources, as well as a long bibliography. Then, in fifteen chapters, he goes through the life of Our Lady as it is found described in medieval drama, beginning with references to Old Testament prophecy and ending with Our Lady's Assumption. The author's method is that of quotation and comment, with a running account of the plays that are used. In footnotes, and, where useful, longer notes at the end of the chapters, the author puts at the reader's service the fruit of much study and research.

POETRY.

Our hymn-books proclaim, by their occasional successes, the difficulty of turning theology into poetry—not so much because all that relates to God's Nature and His dealings with man is not fit material for the loftiest metrical harmonies, but because of the precise and technical language in which our probings into mystery must be clothed lest we slip from the narrow way of Truth. Father Faber, we recall, wrote a gorgeous poem on the Sacred Heart wherein by overwhelming metaphors and balanced antitheses, he strove to depict the Hypostatic Union. Father Romuald Alexander, O.S.B., in *Trinity Sunday: a Love-Lyric* (Fort Augustus Abbey Press: 1s. 2d. post free), has attempted an even loftier theme—the mysterious Nature of the Godhead and the modes of being which differentiate the Persons—and he has not failed. In easy

swinging three-lined stanzas, irregularly rhymed, and with abundance of apostrophe and illustrations from Nature, "God's garment," he maintains a high level of devotional fancy and theological exposition, not unworthy of his subject. He has not failed nor has he wholly succeeded—for the reason for which to Dante also was denied success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In easy yet interesting fashion Father Edward Garesché expresses in **The Soul of the Hospital** (W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia and London: \$1.50), the fruits of his long experience of the spiritual needs and demands of a properly-equipped Home of Healing. For he has seen how mind and body react, and how a healthy soul is of the utmost therapeutic value. Accordingly he considers different varieties of patients according to their typical points of view, and suggest how they can or should be influenced favourably by nurses and doctors who have a proper conception of their task. The dignity and spiritual utility of that task is strongly impressed upon the reader, and the book cannot fail to enhance the popular estimation of a noble profession.

A correspondent has asked Mr. Dennis Stoll five leading questions of Christian doctrine: What is God like? What is a Christian? Why evil exists? Does the Church preach Christianity? Where are the dead? In a little book of nineteen pages **In Christ's Heaven** (Simpkin Marshall: 2s.), Mr. Stoll has "endeavoured to comply with [his] friend's request," and hopes he has been successful. For ourselves, after reading the book, we wonder whether his friend will be one whit the wiser. For instance, to the question, What is a Christian? the answer is summed up in this: He is a Son of God. What will his friend make of that? We find difficulty in understanding what was the author's intention in writing these chapters.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Father E.J. Mahoney, D.D., who wrote a booklet on the subject for the ordinary Jubilee in 1925, has in **The Jubilee Indulgence: 1929** (B.O. & W.: 8d.) given in like manner all the information necessary for gaining the extraordinary Indulgence which the Holy Father has proclaimed for this year of his sacerdotal jubilee. Beginning with a translation of the Apostolic Constitution proclaiming the Jubilee, which lays down the conditions for gaining it in Rome and elsewhere, Dr. Mahoney, in subsequent chapters, comments on these conditions, and explains how they apply to various classes of people in various circumstances. Some suitable prayers conclude the work which, since six months still remain of the favoured year, will doubtless be widely welcomed by the faithful.

Amid a large batch of C.T.S. twopenny publications, the following are new arrivals: **At Mass**, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., which is a brief explanation of the structure and meaning of the Great Sacrifice, calculated to stimulate devotion through understanding; **The English Martyrs and Anglican Orders**, by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., which shows clearly from contemporary testimony that those most concerned, the martyred priests and their Anglican persecutors, knew that it was the Mass that mattered,

for the former upheld and the latter denied a sacrificing priesthood; **The Sovereignty of the Holy See**, which carries on the commentary on the Lateran Treaty, begun in *How the Roman Question was settled*, by the publication of further addresses by the chief actors; **What happens after Death**, by Father G. J. MacGillivray, which is a clear exposition of the Catholic doctrine about the Last Things, making a necessary distinction between certainty and conjecture; **Unanswered Prayer**, by Father C. L. Basevi, Cong. Orat., aims at solving the difficulty caused by the difference between the clear promises of the Gospel and frequent experience in the matter of petitions; **Father Damien, Apostle of the Lepers**, which is a splendid record losing none of its lustre under the practised pen of Miss Enid Dinnis; **The Vocation of Mother Mary Claver**, which tells of the great work accomplished in North Africa by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, known as The White Sisters, who have recently opened a house in London. The following are useful reprints—**How I came Home**, by Lady Herbert; **Bishop Challoner**, by Dr. Burton; **Foxe's Book of Martyrs**, by Father Gerard, S.J.; **Words of Life**, by C. C. Martindale, S.J.; **The Lord's Ambassador** and **Anne's Husband**, by M. E. Francis; **Antony Brown**, by Father Bearne. **The Old World House**, by Miss H. Atteridge; **The Mystery of Poulston Court**, by E. B. Hughes; and **His First Patient**, by C. M. Home, are new stories. **St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians**, edited by Father Robert Eaton, Cong. Orat., is a recent addition to the Scripture Series.

Five highly useful pamphlets have lately come from the C.T.S. of Ireland, viz., **Elementary Points of Canon Law for Laymen**, by Rev. Prof. M. J. Browne, of Maynooth, a pamphlet which all newspaper editors should keep by them; **What is Scholastic Philosophy?** by Rev. A. H. Ryan, D.D., which incidentally shows what poor stuff its rivals are; **Loyalty to Christ our King**, by the Rev. George Clune, B.C.L., a stirring exposition, doctrinal and positive, of Our Lord's claims; **Father Faber**, by W. H. Woollen, M.A., a very illuminating account of a zealous soul seeking the truth at any cost; and finally a collection of twenty-one choice hymns with music—**The Hymn Book**.

Recent issues of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5c.) Nos. 8—11, 1929, preserve some valuable papers and discourses,—**The English Hierarchy's Pastoral on Emancipation**, for instance, a sermon delivered at the Sydney Congress on Mary, Mediatrix of All Graces, by A. Power, S.J., the Papal Encyclical on Sacred Music, and the Proceedings of the American Catholic Association for International Peace.

Apart from this series, the Press also publishes some pamphlets explanatory of the relations of the Universal Church with the individual Nation—a subject very much alive during the late Presidential election. **The Church and Tolerance**, by Michel Riquet, S.J., is followed by five others by Father Lonergan, S.J., in rebuttal of "The Modern Indictment of Catholicism," viz., **Is the Church Intolerant? Arrogant? Un-American? Officious?** and finally, **Is the Church a National Asset?** Together, these pamphlets provide a valuable armoury for the defence of the Church, for they are packed with information and neglect no point that calls for elucidation.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- A. H. STOCKWELL, London.**
Stray Leaves. By T. Thornton-Berry. Pp. 48. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- BASEL, MISSION PRESS, Mangalore.**
Lectures on the Theory of Restricted Relativity. By D. Ferrolì, S.J., D.Sc. Pp. viii. 204.
- CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION LITERARY COMMITTEE, Dublin.**
Centenary Record. Edited by Myles V. Ronan, C.C. Illustrated. Pp. 96.
- CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, Washington.**
S. Ambrosii De Helia et Jejunio. A dissertation by Sister M. J. A. Buck, Ph.D. Pp. xv. 233. Price, \$3.50. *Titles of Address in Christian Greek Epistolography.* By Sister Lucilla Dinneen, Ph.D. Pp. xiii. 113. Price, \$3.00.
- CONSTABLE, London.**
Hope: reflections of an Optimist. By Rev. A. Hopkinson. Pp. xv. 226. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- "EDITIONS SPES," Paris.**
Histoire de l'Amerique Espagnole. By J. T. Bertrand. 2 Vols. Illustrated. Pp. xiv. 453, 469. Price, 30.00 fr.
- FROM THE AUTHOR, Bhopal.**
My Home-Coming, and other pamphlets. By J. B. Ghosal, M.A.
- HERDER, Freiburg.**
De Vera Religione, Questiones Selectae. By W. Pohl, D.D. Pp. xx. 388. Price, 9.00 m.
Einführung in die Summa Theologica des heiligen Thomas von Aquin. By Dr. Martin Grabmann. Pp. viii. 183. Price 4.50 m.
Eins in Gott. By Erich Wasmann, S.J. Pp. xiv. 104. Price, 2.00 m.
Das heilige Buch. By T. Soiron, O.F.M. Pp. viii. 152. Price, 3.00 m.
Religiöse Lebenswerte des Alten Testaments. By Prof. L. Dürr. Pp. viii. 156. Price, 3.00 m.
Manuale Theologiae Moralis. By Dom. M. Prummer, O.P. Vol. I, 4th and 5th editions. Pp. xxxvii. 462. Price, 10.00 m.
Das Konkordat in Kultur, Politik und Recht. By Dr. Max Bierbaum. Pp. viii. 194. Price, 5.60 m.
- JOHN MURRAY, London.**
This Bondage. By Commander B. Acworth. Pp. xxiv. 229. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.**
Le Père L. Querbes. Pp. 272. Price, 6.00 fr.
Marguerite Sinclair. By Abbé M. Favier. Pp. 96. Price, 1.50 fr.
Mlle. de la Rochetière. By H. Petitot, O.P. Pp. 184. Price 5.00 fr.
Sommes-nous les Fils de la Sainte Eglise? By Mgr. Grenie. Pp. 56. Price, 2.00 fr.
- LIBRAIRIE ALBERT DEWIT, Brussels.**
La Devotion au Sacré Cœur de Jésus. By G. Kanter, S.C.J. Pp. xv. 296. Supplement. Pp. x. 90. Price, 8.00 fr. and 3.00 fr. respectively.
- LONGMANS, London.**
Vita Christi. By Mother St. Paul. Pp. xii. 162. Price, 5s. n.
- MAME ET FILS, TOURS.**
Saint Jean-Baptiste de La Salle. By F. Laudet. 2^e édit. Pp. 264.
- MARGARET SINCLAIR COMMITTEE, Glasgow.**
Margaret Sinclair. By Sisters of Notre Dame. Illustrated. Pp. 28. Price, 1s.
- MARI E MARIETTI, Turin.**
Ordo Div. Off. recitandi pro an. 1930. Pp. 118. Price, 3.00 l.
- SANDS & Co., London.**
Little Nellie of Holy God. By Margaret Gibbons. Pp. 202. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
The Child in the Church. By Maria Montessori. Pp. xix. 191. Price, 5s. n.
Priest Gordon. By Constance Davidson. Pp. 94. Price, 2s. n.
The Good Fruit of Tyburn Tree. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Pp. 67. Price, 1s. n.
Teresa of Lisieux. By John Carr, C.S.S.R. 2nd edit. Pp. 71. Price, 2s. n.
- SHEED & WARD, London.**
The Mind of the Missal. By Rev. C. C. Martindale. Pp. xii. 276. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- THE GALLEON PRESS.**
Some Poems. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Pp. 77. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- VERLAGSANSTALT TYROLIA, Innsbruck.**
Die Glaubenskrisen in Seelen-leben. By Dr. F. Mitka, S.J. Pp. 60. Price, 1.80 m.

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